THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For JULY 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of Bear Hunting.

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ERRATUM.

In our last Number, LVII, Page 120, Column 1, Line 31, for WELL FINISHED, read WELL FILLED.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JULY, 1797.

A complete Dictionary of FARRIERY *and* HORSEMANSHIP, *containing the Art of Farriery in all its Branches, with an Explanation of the Terms, and a Description of the various Particulars relating to the Manage, and to the Knowledge of Horses. The Whole compiled from the best Authors, by James Hunter, Veterinarian.*

"THE great utility and value of that noble animal the horse," says Mr. Hunter in his Advertisement—"the many diseases to which he is subject by nature, and the still great number of accidents to which he is continually exposed in his state of servitude to mankind—the extreme ignorance and stupidity which is every day displayed by those who profess the art of farriery, and the numerous errors and imperfections to be found in works of a similar nature, all combine to render an apology for this publication unnecessary.

"In treating of the various diseases and accidents to which horses are liable, I have endeavoured, in the first place, to ascertain their seat; secondly, their causes; thirdly, their different varieties, or kinds, and the symptoms that distinguish them; and fourthly, the method of cure, whether manual or medical, with the proper regimen to be observed during the time it is effecting.

"But a knowledge of the nature, and the effects likely to be produced by the medicines employed for the removal of any disease, being, in my opinion, a matter of equal importance with a knowledge of the disease itself, I have introduced, in their proper places, accurate descriptions of the principal drugs which the farrier has occasion to make use of; and in doing this, have endeavoured to point out—1, the places where they are produced, and in what manner; 2, the different methods that are employed to adulterate them, and how to detect any frauds of that kind; 3, their most striking medical properties, and the proper doses of the most active, with the various preparations from each article, which are kept in the shops; and lastly, the manner of making the most important and useful of them.

"This has been a laborious undertaking; but its utility must be obvious and will ensure the present work a decided preference over every other of the same description.

"In the horseman's department, every thing relative to breeding, breaking, dieting, exercising, feeding, hunting, racing, riding, shoeing, stabling, &c. will be found carefully inserted. The different terms used in the manage are explained; and the furniture and appurtenances of both horse and rider are described in the most plain and intelligible manner, and so that every one may understand them.

"And as in the writing a pompous and circumlocutory phraseology has been studiously avoided, for the better comprising the work

in a small size; so for the same purpose in the printing a small type has been chosen; by which means, what might easily have been swelled by an avaricious bookseller to two handsome volumes, worth twelve or fourteen shillings, is here brought into the compass of one, at less than half the price." P. iii.

Notwithstanding what the editor has here offered in his own behalf, we find the general objections made to a preceding article * doubly applicable to that now under consideration. In fact, we do not find that he has been attentive "to reject what is superfluous or erroneous, to condense what is diffuse, and to add what is new;" but, on the contrary, in many instances at least, has compiled from the worst sources, introduced articles that might well have been retrenched, and introduced others, on material subjects, in so contracted a form as to render them nearly useless. An instance of the latter we shall exhibit to our readers in the article

"Horse-Feeder. One that has the feeding and management of horses, particularly running ones. In order to perform this well, the person to whom it is entrusted should pay some regard to the following particulars:—

"1. If the horse refuses part of the food which it is thought necessary to give him while he is training, it must not be forced upon him in too great quantities at once, but by a little at a time, and that only when he is very hungry, by which means it is probable he will soon take a liking to it, and eat it freely; but when that comes to be the case, he should not be too freely indulged with it, as it is better for him to have rather less than he seems to crave, and sometimes it may be mixed with such other food as he is known to be fond of, by which means he will soon become equally fond of the one with the other.

"2. If a horse in training discovers any symptoms of lameness, or being tender footed, he should be rode only on smooth turf, and kept as much as possible off strong grounds, hard roads, and from among ruts, by which means his feet will be kept more cool, and he will be in much better plight to encounter the fatigues of running when he comes upon the course.

"3. The condition of his body must be particularly attended to, so that he may be pretty high in flesh, that is, good and hard, without having any inward foulness; and in this case the feeder must consider the shape and make of the horse's body before he passes a decisive judgment, for there are some that look round, plump, and in good condition (owing to their natural form, and being closely knit together) that are in reality, very poor and bare of flesh, while, at the same time, others will seem rawboned, slender, and poverty-stricken, that are fat, foul, and full of gross humours. This, however, is easily discovered, by handling the horse about his ribs, but particularly the hindermost ones, where, if the flesh feels soft and loose, and the fingers sink easily therein, no doubt can be entertained but he is foul, and must be brought into better order by dint of physic and exercise. If it is a stallion, the feeder may form a pretty good idea of the state of his body by the appearance of his stones, for if they hang low down from his body, he is generally out of heart or condition, and either sick, or full of greasy and foul humours; but if they are trussed up close to his belly, and lie in a small compass, it shews him to be healthy and in good order.

"4. Before he runs any match or

* Dictionary of Surgery. See page 34.

or race, the feeder should supple his legs from the knees and gambrils downward with neat's-foot oil, or some good hog's grease, working it well in with his hands, but without any artificial heat, as, what cannot be got in at the first rubbing, will at the second or third, on which account, the friction should be continued night and morning for several days, though there will seldom be any necessity of applying the oil or grease to the legs more than once.

"5. If a running horse towards the latter end of his feeding, is found to be clear from grease and other foulness, a handful of oatmeal may be put into his water whenever he drinks, which will have a tendency to help his wind, and is, besides, extremely wholesome in other respects.

"6. Above all other things, he must proportion the different degrees of exercise to the strength of the horse, and have a particular regard to the symptoms produced thereby, as nothing more clearly points out the state of a horse's general health than those; for if he sweats with gentle and moderate exercise, it shews that he is faint, foul, and wants either physic or more regular exercise, or perhaps both, or if, when he labours hard, the sweat resembles soap suds, it still indicates that he is foul, but if it is black, and appears only as if water had been thrown on him, it indicates that he is clean and in good plight for running.

"7. If the hair on his neck or other parts that are generally uncovered, lies smooth and close, and is of a shining colour, it betokens that he is in good case, but if it appears rough, staring, and discoloured, he must be warmer cloathed and better fed than he has lately been, or little can be expected from him when he comes to be tried on the course."

Connected with the foregoing subject, and really of importance, is the article Beans; the effects of which, as an article of food for horses, have never been sufficiently ascertained. This, however, is comprised in a very few lines.

Of articles that might have been omitted without detriment to the work, either because they are wholly foreign to the subject on which it treats, or have not been considered in that view, we find a sufficient number in the first half dozen leaves. We will mention, as instances, AIR—ALE—ALMONDS—ANATOMY—AQUA-FORTIS—ASS, &c. As practical hints on the first of these, we are told, that—

"Air passing over stiff clayey ground, is *moist* and *thick*; on dry and sandy grounds, it is *dry* and *dusty*; dry and pure on stony; and on the tops of high hills it is thin, free from vapour, but cold; in vallies it is gross, impure, and hot, except in winter, at which time it is coldest there on account of the adjacent hills overshadowing them if they are considerably high. On the sides of hills the air is generally pure, and moderate in temperature; and in an open country such as is proper for hunting, it is for the most part moderate in all its qualities of heat, cold, moisture, and dryness."

The terms *moist*, *thick*, and *dry*, when applied to the atmosphere, we certainly can form some idea of; but it is for the sagacity of Mr. Hunter only to make out, what state of air that is, which he calls "*dusty*." The article *Anatomy* occupies about half a column. Though certainly useless to the reader in its present form, it is somewhat excusable on account of the well-meant insinuation conveyed in it, that the study of the anatomy of the horse is essentially necessary to the improvement of the veterinary art. The process for *making* aqua-fortis, our readers

readers will agree with us, might very well have given place to an account of its effects as a topical remedy. What is said of the ass, might have been spared altogether, as the editor has confined himself entirely to the natural history of that animal, and that in a very cursory and imperfect way.

Amongst the formulæ, we find an old fashioned pharmaceutical *melange*, under the title of APOSTLE'S *ointment*. After detailing the recipe, Mr. Hunter very shrewdly remarks, that "it is *called* the apostle's ointment, from the number of *dry* ingredients that compose it."

Mr. Hunter accounts for "foundering in the feet," from causes which "excite malignant *humours*, that *inflame the blood*, *melt the grease*, and make it *descend* downwards to the feet, where it *settles*, and causes *a numbness* in the *hoofs*." This is rather the language of an illiterate blacksmith, than an enlightened veterinarian! With submission to Mr. Hunter, we rather suppose that foundering in horses arises from a gradual distortion of the shape of the foot from bad shoeing, and the vile practice of cutting away those parts which nature intended should keep the heels expanded. If this be true, (and we believe the veterinary college will support our opinion) Mr. Hunter's instructions to pare the horse's soles, and pour in a *hot* composition of tallow, &c. are highly pernicious.

What has been here said, our readers will no doubt consider as palpable evidence of the many and *great* faults discoverable in the work before us, and also of its general insufficiency as a dictionary of farriery. It would be uncandid, however, not to acknowledge that some of its parts are unexceptionable. To distinguish which these are, would, however, demand a previous knowledge of the subject, sufficient to place the possessor out of the reach of improvement from any information conveyed in the work; and we are bound to say on the other hand, that the young veterinarian would run a great risque of being misled by the errors which exist in it.

BEAR HUNTING,

Explanatory of a beautiful ETCHING *on the Subject given in this Number.*

SINCE the use of Fire-arms has become so general, and brought to such perfection, the strongest and finest beast of the Forest is so easily and securely destroyed, that the modes of hunting them in former times have been almost discontinued; however, the Bear still affords the diversion of the chace; he is hunted with mastiffs bred for and trained to the sport, and killed either by them or the spear. The Bear is so heavy and unwieldy, that he can make no speed, and so is always in view of the dogs; he will not until the last necessity stand at bay, but wallows along before them until they stick into him and pinch him hard, then, and not before, he will fight nobly in his own defence, for he is very strong, and most cunningly and vigilantly endeavours to seize his enemy in the gripe of his fore paws, and his bite is as terrible as that of any animal in the world.

The Bear inhabits mountainous, woody, and unfrequented regions, and seldom attacks mankind, unless irritated or hurt by them.

Howitt inv.t et f.

BEAR HUNTING.

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AGRICULTURE.

BY the report of the Board of Agriculture made to Parliament, it appears that England contains about 46 millions of acres, of which nearly eight millions remain waſte, in common, or uncultivated; and on the ſuppoſition that only 1,200,000 acres are in a common field ſtate, or from various circumſtances, as from Lammas tenure, &c. cannot be incloſed without the authority of Parliament; it would appear that at leaſt one-fifth of the Southern part of the Iſland remains ſubject to the operations of a general Bill of Incloſure.

There was paid to foreign countries for corn imported in the year 1794, 1795, and 1796, 7,446,000l. the greater part in gold or ſilver. The real coſt of the corn imported in 1796, amounted to 4,500,000l.

Now it appears that 148,000 acres of additional cultivation might reaſonably be expected to have yielded the imported quantity, or that leſs than one acre in fifty of the preſent waſte land would have ſaved the nation ſeven millions four hundred thouſand pounds in one year, beſides adding to the internal wealth and induſtry of the kingdom, and of which no enemy can deprive us.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE premiums offered by the Committee of the Eſſex Agricultural Society, within the Hundred of Chelmsford, for good ploughing, were diſpoſed of on Saturday the 22d of July inſtant, in a field belonging to Robert Tindall, Eſq. where a trial of ſkill took place in the preſence of a number of gentlemen, farmers, and others, who met there on the occaſion. The ſeveral competitors having been ranked in their reſpective claſſes, proceeded to mark out the ground, and being excited by a lively emulation for the palm of victory, exhibited a great degree of excellence in this uſeful branch of agriculture. When the ſeveral trials were ended, the Committee adjudged the premiums as follows:

To Thomas Emmery, ſervant to Mrs. Lakin, of Biſhop's Hall, being the beſt ploughman, One Guinea.

To John Iſaacſon, alſo ſervant to Mrs. Lakin, being the ſecond beſt, Half-a-Guinea.

To John Johnſon, ſervant to Mr. Gandy, of Chignal, being a lad under 17 years of age, for ploughing beſt, One Guinea;

And to four other lads under the ſame age, whoſe merits were deemed equal, One Guinea.

Thus, by a temperate and well placed generoſity, are the feelings of this honeſt, and moſt uſeful claſs of men, brought into a juſt, and laudable competition; while the ſcience of agriculture itſelf, is receiving an important and eſſential aid; the beneficent effects of which, are too obvious, for it ought not to be cheriſhed and acknowledged by all.

REFLECTIONS *on the* SCARCITY *of* CATTLE, *with ſome Hints on the ſubject.*

THE beſt oxen in the nation are conſumed by the Royal Navy, and may be moderately computed at three hundred thouſand for the laſt five years back, which exceeds any conſumption before, in that time.

The increaſe of the Greenland,

Newcaſtle

Newcastle Colliers, East and West India and Colonial trade, is another great cause, and exceeds any former calculation.

Corn being so very dear was the reason of the distilleries being stopped, which caused a decrease in the breed of pigs, and kept the markets thin of pork. Beef being at such an advanced price, caused the farmers to breed calves, instead of bringing them to market, when the markets became thin of veal.

Seamen, it may be said, would have been to keep, if there had been no war; admitting that one ox out of ten is lost, either cut to waste or spoiled in preparing. Taking so many good oxen away so suddenly, obliged the butchers to kill them from the month of May to that of September, half fat, which makes a deficiency in weight one quarter, besides killing them two years too soon, being killed when only two or three years old.

The consumption of the Metropolis is estimated at forty thousand head of cattle weekly. Forty years back meat averaged two-pence per lb. People were equally surprized then as they are now, at six-pence, seven-pence and eight-pence. But was every farmer of 50l. per annum to work two oxen, that of 100l. per annum, four oxen, that of 200l. eight oxen, and so on in proportion, this would in a great measure remedy the evil so much complained of. Oxen are slow, but in strong land, and in wains for market or manure, where the roads are heavy, they are the best, and by working a few years, they feed much faster, and may be brought to market in great perfection, while a number of bad horses are bred, which are not worth keeping, as no improvement can be made in them, and are at last obliged to be killed for the use of dogs.

There are calves killed from three to fourteen days old which are scarce eatable. Calves betwixt fourteen days and that of twenty-eight, are as good again. If all calves were obliged to be kept to the age of twenty-eight days, and no lambs, except house lambs killed till the middle of May, they would be twice as heavy, and the quality in high perfection. From the very great scarcity of oxen, sheep are obliged to be killed very young; few are kept to their proper age. Some method should be taken to multiply the weight of cattle in general. One easy and sure method would be to abstain from eating mutton, beef, and lamb, one single month, say from the middle of May to the middle of June being the most proper, as there is then so many vegetables, veal, pork, &c. and the pastures being in greatest perfection. I suppose every ox or beast to gain four stone, and every sheep twelve pounds, in that month. The winter stock being killed at that time, makes the butcher fly to the market at that season, where he carried nothing but cattle half fat, and only just in their blossom; therefore by abstaining from killing in that month, they would be fully fit for the knife; besides, we should have a surplus of between two and three millions of cattle ready for market, which would not be got under for many years.

A WAGER OF TWENTY GUINEAS.

ON Monday, the 24th of July instant, Mr. Bullen, farmer, at Ditton, Cambridgshire, drove a horse, 20 years of age, on the Huntingdon road, in a gig, 43 miles, for a wager of twenty guineas. He was allowed five hours, but performed it in one minute and an half less. He won, a few days before, a considerable bet on the same account, but had then only 40 miles to go in the same time.

A TREA-

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 129.)

WHEN proud fleſh is to be conſumed, four ounces of yellow baſilicon, to half an ounce of red precipitate, is a good proportion; but it may be made ſtronger or weaker juſt as you pleaſe.

Fiſtulous ulcers, beſides being conſiderably deep, have generally a calloſity, which muſt be removed before they can be cured. This muſt be performed with a knife or eſcharotics. The beſt of this laſt kind, though known to few, if any, is verdigreaſe ground with gum water, and made up into a tent, that may fill the cavity of the fiſtula, and in three or four day's time you may take it out, and it will bring out the callus along with it, and a laudable matter will be left behind. But in order to perform this, the orifice muſt be firſt enlarged with a ſpunge tent. Or, if you chooſe, and it is practicable, lay open the fiſtula to the bottom with a knife; then make a mixture with equal parts of turpentine, myrrh, the yolk of eggs, and Egyptian ointment, and incorporate them well together. By repeating this dreſſing at due intervals, the bottom will be deterged, and then the parts muſt be brought together, and united by compreſſion gradually from the bottom upwards.

In ulcers attended with a caries of the bone, the opening muſt be enlarged, and an exfoliation muſt be procured, by applying a bruſh pencil dipped in a ſolution of quickſilver in *aqua fortis*. Or the lamella, or outward part of the bone, may be perforated with a triangular terrebra, ſo as to make many ſmall holes, which muſt be dreſſed with dry lint or balſam, by which means the repulluating veſſels of the ſound part of the bone will grow up through the holes; throw off the dead ſcale, and renew the perioſteum. This is better than the raſpatory, or the cautery. If the caries reach the marrow, it muſt be perforated with a trepan; if the caries is on the ſpungy head of the bone in the joint, it is incurable with regard to the horſe, for then the limb muſt be cut off.

Putrid ulcers are always accompanied with a cacohymy of the fluids, and therefore proper internals muſt be given at the time of the cure, to deſtroy the malignity of the humours: ſuch as an equal quantity in weight of cinnabar of antimony and gum guaiacum; an ounce of which muſt be given every day. If old ulcers are dried up, they will either break out in another place, or the matter of them will fall upon ſome noble part, which may prove fatal; therefore their ſhould always be a rowel to drain the matter off that outlet, otherwiſe it is beſt to let it alone. Beſides theſe things, the horſe ſhould have gentle laxative purges between whiles, with warm water gruel, and feeds of ſcalded bran.

When the callous lip of the ulcers are very obſtinate, three ounces of quickſilver ſhould be killed with a ſufficient quantity of balſam of ſulphur, and then mixed with half a pound of gum ammoniac or diachylon; a plaiſter made with this ſhould be laid on the ulcer, and renewed morning and night. The ammoniac is beſt, becauſe it is more emollient. Then make inciſions in the callus, ſo as to penetrate through their whole thickneſs; then apply more of the ſame plaiſter, laying it on the naked inciſed lips. The ſcarifications are to be repeated every third or fourth day till they are quite deſtroyed, not forgetting the mercurial plaiſter.

Varicous ulcers must be amended with an astringent decoction of oak bark, pomegranate rind, of each an ounce; roche-allum and white vitriol, of each half an ounce; boiled in three pints of vinegar to a quart; the ulcers must be fomented with this twice a day. This will thicken the discharge, and at length dry it up. Afterwards lay on the strengthening plaister of the shops, to contract the coats of the veins that fed the ulcer.

Cancerous ulcers sometimes attend the farcy and the glanders; and sometimes there are cancerous warts, which degenerate into true cancers. Sometimes rowels likewise put in near the glandulous parts, will turn to the same kind of ulcers; then they leave a knotty uneven swelling, with a stinking ichor, which increasing will turn to a true cancer and kill the horse. These sorts of ulcers are only to be cured by extirpation, and then there is no warranting the success, and therefore the less there is said about them the better; that none may be tempted to throw away their money for an operation that may only hasten the death of the horse.

OF THE GLANDERS.

The glanders are known by a running of matter from the nostril, which is either yellow, or greenish, or tinged with blood. When the disease is of a long standing, the matter turns blackish, and becomes very stinking. It is always attended with a swelling of the glands, or kernels under the jaws.

La Fosse, by examining the carcases of horses, and making a diligent scrutiny into the seat of the disease, has found it to be local, and placed in the pituitary membrane, which lines the partition along the inside of the nose; the cavities of the cheek-bone on each side of the nose: and the frontal cavities above the orbits of the eyes, while every other part of the body may be free from any disorder.

There the glanders are properly an inflammation of the pituitary membrane, and may be distinguished into three different periods, the beginning, middle, and the end. The first is called the *incipient glanders*; the second the *confirmed glanders*; and the third the *inveterate glanders*. The three principal symptoms are the inflammation of the pituitary membrane; the swelling of the glands under the jaws, and the running, which gives the name to the glanders. The inflammation causes the swelling of the glands; and the ulceration of the glands causes the running of the nostril on the diseased side.

La Fosse, in order to be certain that he had found out the seat of the disease, injected a certain liquor into one of the nostrils of a sound horse, which inflamed the pituitary membrane; this was attended with a swelling of the lymphatic glands on the same side; this inflammation produced ulcers, which caused a running of the nostril as in the glanders. An injection into the other nostril of the same kind, produced the like symptoms on both sides.

He affirms that these lymphatic glands do not empty themselves into the mouth as in men, but into the nostrils; and the matter of the simple glanders is not stinking, as is commonly asserted, unless some other distemper, as the strangles, or the farcy, has affected the horse at the same time.

This is an infectious disease, and horses often catch it from one another; besides, any thing that inflames that membrane will bring on the glanders. Thus, if a horse after swimming is left in the cold,

or if his nose is exposed to the wind, in two hours time the glands under the jaws will be swelled, and the nostrils filled with a viscid matter.

Therefore to prevent these diseases from sudden cold, the horses after being heated should be led about in the hand, that they may cool gradually; their noses should be covered to hinder the sudden ingress of the cold air, and their tails should be turned towards the wind. When the glands of horses have been affected for some time, though there is no cough, and he is possessed of every other sign of health, yet he may properly be said to have the glanders. In this case emollient decoctions must be thrown up the nostrils, so as to reach trontal sinusses or cavities, and to repeat it three times a day for a week. If the running continues after this hath been performed, it will then be necessary to use fumigations, which are the smoke of medicines thrown upon a red hot iron.

For this purpose La Fosse has made use of a kind of box with a tube fixed thereto, which may be conveyed up the nostril of a horse, and will convey the vapour to the intended part.

The glanders in horses has a very great resemblance to the ozæna in men, though in these the cause is generally more virulent, as proceeding from the French disease: at first the ulceration affects the internal membrane of the nostrils, and then it extends itself by degrees into the sinusses of the skull and cheek bones, producing an incurable caries. When this happens in the cavity of the upper jaw over the grinding teeth, it is called *ozæna in antro*.

I mention this disease in men, to show what medicines are most likely to succeed in the glanders in horses, because similar disorders require a similar treatment; especially as La Fosse has been quite silent about it. Therefore inwardly a horse should have plenty of the decoction of guaiacum wood, with now and then drachms of mercurius dulcis, made into a ball with any conserve and liquorice powder. For an injection, mix three grains with green precipitate, with half a pint of spring water. The fumigation may be made with cinnabar thrown upon a red hot iron, and conveyed into the nostrils with a pipe after La Fosse's method, though it had been practised upon men long ago. The cinnabar upon the hot iron must be stirred now and then with the end of a pipe to make it all evaporate.

But we may observe that all liquids that are useful to deterge ulcers will be proper for injection in this case, while the disease is recent. But the best injection that I know of to abate the corrosive sharpness of the ulcerating humour, is that which follows:

Take quicksilver and balsam of capivi, of each half an ounce: and when they have been rubbed together so long that the quicksilver entirely disappears, then add the yolk of an egg, which being intimately mixed with the balsam, add by degrees half a pint of spring water.

Sometimes lime water with mercurius dulcis may also serve for the same purpose.

Gibson, though he was mistaken in thinking this disease was caused by a scrophulous disposition of the glands, has said enough to shew the true state of the disease; and its catching nature shews that there is something more in it than can be attributed to disorders from colds; and therefore it cannot be of so innocent a nature even at first as La Fosse would have us believe. Gibson has observed, from dissections, that the glands on the inside, that in

in their natural ſtate are exceeding ſmall, and covered with a fine delicate membrane, are all greatly enlarged; inſomuch that the paſſage of the upper part of the noſe was choaked up as if it had been with a piece of ſpunge. That the Septum Naſi, and all the bones and cartilages, were turned carious and ſpungy; in which it reſembles exactly a confirmed ozæna in men.

In ſome caſes the injection will not go high enough to reach the cauſe of the diſorder, and then the beſt way will be to take out a bit of the bone with a trepan; after which the cure may be compleated by injections in the ſame manner as the ozæna in antro, which may be with tincture of myrrh mixed with honey of roſes. But care muſt be taken that the perforation does not grow up till the cure is compleated. Likewiſe any of the former injections may be uſed when judged to be neceſſary. This is the only method of cure when the glanders are inveterate.

All runnings at the noſe are not the glanders, though often ſo called. One may proceed from an ulceration of the lungs, and then it may be called the pulmonary glanders, and then it is a whitiſh liquor coming away in lumps or grumes. The ſecond ſort may be called the waſting glanders, and it ſeizes horſes at the end of diſeaſes cauſed by hard labour, and affects the lungs. Then there comes away a whitiſh humour tinged with yellow; he eats and drinks pretty well, but continues to loſe his fleſh.

The Strangle Glanders throws humour upon the lungs, which nature is not able to diſcharge, and forms abſceſſes; theſe humours are carried out through the noſtrils, and by coughing through the mouth. The Farcy Glanders, which affects both the lungs and the pituitary membrane with a corroſive humour, is ſtill worſe than any of the former. The three firſt are not infectious, but this laſt is.

A fifth ſort is a diſcharge which ariſes from ſudden cooling, after being over-heated, and may turn to the true glanders, as La Foſſe obſerves. The laſt kind that he mentions is the diſcharge occaſioned by the ſtrangles; for though this diſeaſe commonly goes off by an abſceſs which breaks, yet ſometimes it is diſcharged by the noſtrils, with a ſhort cough and a ſlight inflammation of the jaws; though ſometimes the noſtrils will run without any ſwelling at all. But in the cure of all theſe different glanders, which are falſely ſo called, except the farcy glanders, regard muſt be had to the principal diſeaſe in the cure; of which we have already treated.

OF THE POLL-EVIL.

The poll evil is an abſceſs near the poll of the horſe, formed in the ſinuſſes, noll-bone, and uppermoſt *vertebræ* of the neck. It is known by the ſwelling of the poll, which is ſometimes ſo large that it reaches down towards the vives, and when it breaks ſpontaneouſly, or is opened, it diſcharges great quantities of ſlimy matter, not unlike dirty ſize.

It generally proceeds from blows or ſtrains, or hurts in drawing; or from a critical tranſlation of matter in a fever. When the poll ſwells from a blow or bruiſe, it may be eaſily cured by faſtening an ear-band to the collar, to prevent its preſſing on the part, and bathing it two or three times a day with warm vinegar; and if there is an oozing through the ſkin, it muſt be mixed with an equal quantity of ſpirit of wine. In this ſtate, the abſceſs may be prevented by this means. But when there is a heat in the part, with inflammation, it will be proper to bleed, and then apply a poultice

poultice with white bread and milk, or the following:

Take of the crumb of white bread eight ounces; of white hard soap an ounce; of milk a sufficient quantity: boil them together a little, and then the mixture will be fit for use.

This must be repeated once or twice a day till the itching is gone, and the swelling abated. This method, with laxative physic, may prevent an abscess; but when it is formed, bleeding and purging are unnecessary, and it must be brought to a head with poultice made with rye flour and oatmeal, made pretty thick with strong ale or beer, and then brought to proper consistence with ointment of marsh mallows. It will be best to let it break of itself, and then the matter must be squeezed out gently once or twice, after which it may be laid open, keeping as much as possible according to the direction of the fibres of the muscles, without cutting the tendinous ligament if it can be avoided; I mean that ligament that runs along the neck under the mane. And therefore, if the matter is gathered on both sides, the best way will be to open it on both sides.

This done, a leaden probe must be introduced as gently as possible, and by that means the orifice must be made so wide as to introduce the finger; or it may be better done with a short spunge tent, and a bit of dry spunge will do well enough for this use without any preparation. If the matter is white, and of a good consistence, it may be heated with turpentine, honey, and the tincture of myrrh. When proud flesh arises, you may strew a little ground red precipitate thereon.

But if the matter is of a bad colour and consistence, like melted glew, there will be need of a second incision, but not too deep, and the wound should be widened with the finger. Then it should be searched with a leaden probe, to see whether there are any drains, and to see how far they reach. If they go but a little way, the common dressings with a litttle addition will do; but if they go deep between the interstices of the muscles, they must be laid open with a knife, taking care to avoid the tendons.

In these disorders, tinctures, are always preferable to greasy ointments, such as the tincture of myrrh and aloes, friar's balsam, &c. Gibson directs the following mixture:

Take rectified spirits of wine and white wine vinegar, of each half a pint; of white vitriol dissolved in spring water, half an ounce; of tincture of myrrh four ounces; mix them together, and shake the bottle every time it is used.

Heat a little of this in a ladle, and then soak tow in it to wash the wound with; after which fill it up with tow moistened with the same; but it must lie very loose, lest it should hinder the growth of good flesh. Sometimes bathing it with this liquor alone will do, if you fill it with dry lint, and cover it with tow to keep it from the air. In some cases once or twice a day may be necessary, till the running decreases, and the sore seems to grow better. Then the sore should be bathed with spirit of wine alone, and it should be covered with tow dipped in vinegar and whites of eggs beat together, which will serve instead of a bandage. This should be covered with a piece of woollen cloth, with two loops of list round his ears, and it may be tied underneath by the means of tape fastened thereto.

When the ulcer is very foul, it may be cleansed with phagadenic water, made with two drachms of corrosive sublimate, and a pint of lime water; and then it must be

filled

filled with looſe doſſils of tow dipped in Egyptian ointment and oil of turpentine made hot.

But the ſhorteſt way of curing this diſeaſe is by ſcalding with the following mixture:

Take corroſive ſublimate, verdigreaſe in fine powder, and Roman vitriol in powder, of each two drachms; green copperas half an ounce; of Egyptian ointment two ounces; oil of turpentine and train oil, of each eight ounces; of rectified ſpirits of wine four ounces; mix theſe together in a bottle for uſe.

Some make it milder by uſing red precipitate inſtead of corroſive ſublimate, and white vitriol inſtead of Roman vitriol; others uſe linſeed oil inſtead of train oil; ſome again mix half an ounce of verdigreaſe, half a pint of train oil, oil of turpentine four ounces, and oil of vitriol two ounces.

The ulcer muſt be firſt cleanſed with a ſpunge ſqueezed out of vinegar; then put ſome of the mixture into a ladle with a ſpout; and when it is made ſcalding hot, it muſt be poured into the abſceſs, and the lips muſt be cloſed together with a ſtitch or two, according to the ſize. This muſt remain ſeveral days, and if good matter appears, it will ſoon be cured, with bathing it with ſpirit of wine. If the matter is bad, and in plenty, it muſt be ſcalded a ſecond time, or oftner if neceſſary. This method is moſt proper when this diſeaſe proceeds from a fever or a ſurfeit.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

PUGILISM.

ON Wedneſday, June 28, a very deſperate battle was fought near Wellow, about five miles from Bath, between an Iriſh gentleman of the name of Connor, and John White, a butcher and Sheriff's officer, a man who had often diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſevere conteſts. A diſpute took place between the parties at Mells Fair, when it was agreed to meet at the above place: the gentleman poſting five guineas to four. Many profeſſors and *amateurs* of the pugiliſtic art accompanied their favourite White, who is a native of Wellow. In a ſhort time Mr. Connor appeared on horſeback, attended by his ſervant: wiſhing, however, to avoid making himſelf a public ſpectacle, he propoſed declining the battle, but this White contemptuouſly rejected, unleſs the whole money was forfeited. Upon this Mr. C. entered the ring, and addreſſing himſelf to the ſpectators, requeſted the aſſiſtance of ſome volunteer Second; a young farmer preſent immediately offered his ſervices. Mr. C. having ſubſtituted a pair of ſhoes for his boots, was ſoon prepared for the fray. The ſet to is reported to have been in a capital ſtyle, and very furious fighting enſued, much in favour of White. The battle was here a ſhort time interrupted by White receiving what was deemed a foul blow, but ſo certain was he then of victory, that he waved taking of it, and the fight was continued. In leſs, however, than ten minutes, the gentleman ſhowed ſo much ſuperior force and agility, that the battle turned in his favour—his blows were given with ſuch velocity and keenneſs, that White's face was hacked as if done by an inſtrument, Mr. Connor frequently wedging him ſo firmly in his graſp as to prevent him from moving or defending himſelf, whilſt, with his other hand, he moſt unmercifully belaboured this renowned hero of the cleaver. After about twenty-five minutes reſolute, though unavailing

availing struggle on the part of White, and another demur about the foul blow, the battle ended; the gentleman almost as active and strong as at the beginning, and White most terribly beaten.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 3.

BELLIS *v.* PLAT.

THIS action, Mr. Garrow said, was brought to correct a great nuisance, and which tended very much to corrupt public morals. It was brought on the 25th Geo. II. c. 36, to recover 100l. for keeping, without a licence, a house for public dancing and music. The defendant was a taylor, living at No. 89, Queen-Anne-street East, but pretended to be a dancing-master. There were an hundred annual subscribers to this hop, and every one of them prostitutes. Each paid five shillings for the season. Many gross indecencies were practised there, and it was of the highest importance to the public, that such a sink of vice should be suppressed. The defendant had been at the expence of 300l. in fitting up the room; the company met three times a week; gentlemen had no difficulty in finding partners.

These facts were fully substantiated by several witnesses, and among the rest by two unfortunate women, one only seventeen, the other eighteen years of age.

Verdict for the plaintiff 100l.

THE KING, *v.* WM. OLDFIELD.

Mr. Const moved the Judgment of the Court on the Defendant, who was convicted of keeping a gaming-house in Oxendon-street.

Mr. Erskine, for the Defendant, stated his situation from an affidavit produced.—He had been a considerable time in the Navy, and received a hurt which obliged him to relinquish that line of life, and betake himself to this unfortunate business of keeping a gaming-house. He had a wife and five children all dependent on him, the two youngest of whom were ill of the small pox. Imprisonment he was afraid would be fatal to him, as he was afflicted with a severe asthma,—insomuch, that when in custody, at the Officer's house, he was necessarily indulged with a walk, now and then, abroad, for the benefit of the fresh air; and that since this prosecution commenced, he had given up the business of gaming, and had no concern whatever in any thing of the kind.

The Court ordered the Defendant to enter into a recognizance, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each, for his peaceable behaviour, till his appearance on the third day of next term.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A STOLEN MATCH.

SOME weeks since, a young woman, servant to a gentleman in Essex-street, was married to the clerk of an attorney in a neighbouring street, without the knowledge of her friends, and remained in service, wanting some little domestic arrangements necessary to her removal; in the interim her father, who by the unexpected death and will of a distant relative, became possessed of an estate to the amount of 700l. per annum, went for

for his daughter to take her home, proposing to her at the same time an union with a young man of reputable connections, who had previously sought her in marriage. The poor girl dreading the resentment of her father, in the moment of embarrassment and agitation consented to the match, and the following day was fixed on for its consummation. The morning came, the licence was obtained, and the anxious bridegroom with his friends assembled to attend her to the altar, when, falling on her knees, she declared her previous contract. The surprise and disappointment that ensued cannot be described; it must suffice to say, the husband was introduced, and by the intercession of the aggrieved lover, the father was induced to forgive his daughter, and to make ample provision for her support.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SINGULAR AGREEMENT.

AT a village in the Eastern division of Bedfordshire, a man and his two wives occupy a small house, and live on the best possible terms. The husband was formerly a corporal in the 12th regiment of foot, and when on a recruiting party at Bandon, in Ireland, privately married a young woman, the daughter of a reputable tradesman in that town; he joined his corps shortly after, and left her with her friends, from whom she had expectancies. On his coming to England he was quartered at Dunstable, and rendered himself agreeable to a wealthy widow, a hosier in that place; his avarice got the better of his constancy, and he married her, obtained his discharge, and settled in his present residence. His first wife, after a period of nearly two years, in which her father died and possessed her of some hundred pounds, sought and found her faithless husband. The meeting and ecclaircissement was such as may be supposed—anger, railings, and revilings; but he at length had the address to reconcile them both: they now live in the best possible fellowship, and he has several children by each.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The STORY *of* MRS. BODDINGTON, *and the Law proceedings thereon.*

THE circumstances in the story of Mrs. B. hold out so instructive a lesson, that we cannot avoid laying them before our readers. When seduced from her fidelity by the cousin and partner of her husband, they set off together with an intention of embarking for America.—The postmark of a letter which he sent with a miserable apology for his conduct, pointing out to the route, the Solicitor of the injured husband dispatched a clerk after them to serve on him a copy of a writ to answer in a suite. They were fortunately traced and overtaken at Preston in Lancashire, where the clerk served the process on the paramour. Mrs. B. had several days to reflect on her conduct, on the honour, the duties, the happiness, the husband, and the infants she had abandoned; and the rencontre completed the conquest of remorse. She sunk in angony of grief. She flew from her seducer, and in a state of misery which we cannot describe, she returned in a post-chaise to Southgate, with the

hopes

hopes of seeing her infants, and perhaps with their imploring sympathy of grief, to throw herself at the feet of her injured husband. She arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday after her elopement, in a disorder of dress that proved her mental anguish; and bore the indignant eyes of all her former admiring neighbours. The infants had been removed by the kindness of their friends, and she was frustrated in her design. But the compassion and tenderness of the husband has provided her a retreat, where she has melancholy leisure to reflect on the fatal consequences of a deviation from the paths of virtue.

Here is a lesson for *gallantry*, as guilt is erroneously called, worth a thousand verdicts of a Jury!

The injured husband however, having brought an action against the seducer, the following law-proceedings have in consequence taken place.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

CRIM. CON.

BODINGTON *v.* BODINGTON.

Mr. Erskine, submitted a motion to the Court, which he confessed was rather unusual; it was for a writ of enquiry of damages to be heard before Lord Kenyon in the sittings after term, instead of submitting it to a Sheriff's Jury in the customary way. This was an action of *crim. con.* in which the defendant had suffered judgment to pass by default.

The Court granted a rule to shew cause.

On Wednesday, July 5, the last day of term, Mr. Erskine moved, that this rule should be made absolute.

Mr. Law said, he was to shew cause against this rule. It was a rule calling on the defendant to shew cause, why a writ of inquiry of damages should not be executed before the Lord Chief Justice, at the sittings after this term.

This was an application in an action for criminal conversation. In support of such an application, there certainly should be very extraordinary circumstances before the Court would allow it to be taken out of the general rule, which was, that such writs of enquiry should be executed before the Sheriff. He submitted that no such circumstances attended this case.

There were other causes, in which the duties of relationship and otherwise, and the delinquency of the parties, had been stated to the Court, and in which the Court had refused to grant the object of such a motion as this; such, for instance, as a case where the Defendant was the brother-in-law of the Plaintiff, and in which, that very circumstance was particularly relied on by Mr. Erskine, who pressed it as a case extremely fit to go before the Chief Justice and a Jury; and yet, although there was so glaring a breach of domestic confidence, the Court refused to grant the motion in that case. This was a case of a recent date. There were other cases of recent dates, also of a similar nature in point of aggravation; of this description was the case of the Marquis of Carmarthen and Byron. The parties were very considerable in rank; the delinquency notorious, and yet the Court refused the motion. In another case, where the parties were of respectable condition in life, the case of Mullin and Dutton,

ton, a young and beautiful lady had been ſeduced, and debauched by an Officer in the Guards, and here alſo the Court refuſed the motion.

The ground of ſuch an application as this ſhould be, a difficulty that might ariſe upon ſome point of law in it; here was no ſuch thing alledged; in point of fact there could not be any ſuch difficulty. The caſe was ſimply this—A gentleman has an action brought againſt him for criminal converſation; he pleads Not Guilty; but upon better advice upon the ſubject, he withdraws that plea, in conſequence of which judgment paſſes againſt him. In ſuch a caſe he muſt ſubmit to the Court there was no neceſſity for the ſuperior wiſdom of the Chief Juſtice to aid the Jury in their enquiry into the queſtion, "What damages the Plaintiff had ſuſtained?" He ſhould humbly ſubmit further, that in a caſe of this ſort no particular advantages could be derived to the public by the greater publicity of the circumſtances of the caſe, which in the event of the ſucceſs of this motion would follow, as public curioſity would be excited by it to a great extent, and which would naturally occaſion a crowded Court. It was needleſs to detail the miſery which had followed this unfortunate act, in which the extreme penitence of the lady, and her ſubſequent derangement of mind, made part. That detail was much more likely to be given to the public, if the writ of inquiry was to be executed in that Court, than if executed before the Sheriff in the uſual manner. Since, therefore, it was not inconſiſtent with the juſtice of the caſe, he could not help wiſhing that this caſe might go before the Sheriff and a Jury; nor could he help ſaying, it appeared to him that the intereſt of morality would be better ſerved by ſending this caſe to be diſcuſſed at a private Forum, than that of diſcuſſing it before the large and public Forum of that Court. In caſe the inquiry was to be executed before the Lord Chief Juſtice, it would attract and cauſe the preſence of a great number of perſons, who could not be admitted before the Sheriff.

There was no impropriety in refuſing this rule, for the Plaintiff would have an opportunity of moving for a good Jury, and who would be fully competent to the taſk of aſſeſſing the damages. He would have an opportunity of laying all the facts of the caſe before that Jury. He muſt again remind the Court of the determination of the caſes of Buckingham and Vaughan, and Carmarthen and Byron, where the guilt was as great as that which was alledged againſt the preſent Defendant. He muſt alſo remind the Court of the caſe of Mullin and Dutton; in all theſe caſes the Court refuſed the rule which was now aſked; he truſted there was nothing in the preſent caſe which made it the intereſt of the community that the Court ſhould now make a contrary determination, or that made a departure from the principle of theſe caſes neceſſary.

Mr. Chambre ſaid, there was no ground for the application now made to the Court, except that from the circumſtances of the caſe, the Plaintiff was entitled to large damages. The Court, he believed, had never yet declared that to be a reaſon for executing a writ of enquiry before a Judge inſtead of the Sheriff. This was not a caſe requiring great legal aſſiſtance. It was eaſily determined, and indeed could alone be determined by a Jury, for it was the excluſive province of a Jury to aſſeſs damages. The Plaintiff might have a good Jury; that was to ſay, he might have

have the very same description of men before the Sheriff as he would have had before the Lord Chief Justice, and, therefore, without troubling the Court any further, he hoped the Court would be of opinion that this rule ought to be discharged.

Mr. Erskine supported the rule. It was asked, he said, whether damages were in the province of a Jury, and in the exclusive province of a Jury. He believed he was as much attached to the province of a Jury as any man could be; but he denied it was merely a Jury that tried a case, or who attended even to the amount of damages to be given in every case. They assessed damages in all cases, more especially in very aggravated cases, with the assistance of the Judge, or with the assistance of the Sheriff, as the case might be, who presided over the trial, and expounded the law to the Jury, and gave to them his opinion, which in many cases was most essential to justice to be given. He had always been of opinion, and he should die in it, that the advantages of the administration of justice in England, was very much to be divided between the attention of a Jury, and the labours of a Judge; and truly, nothing could be more wise than that of uniting the patience and feelings of a Jury with the learning and judgment of the Court. If it were true, which God forbid, that when a man who is brought to answer for the greatest breach of morality, and pleads not guilty, and then chooses to retire from his plea, and that but a few days before his trial is to take place in an open Court of Justice, the Court before whom his guilt was to be investigated, is to have no jurisdiction over his offence: then there would be an answer to his motion, and he should lament, and the Court would lament, that he had made it. If after what had passed, the Court were to discharge this rule, there would be an end, for ever, of all applications of this kind. He stated generally the nature of this application, when he moved for the Rule, to support which there were precedents of a more recent date than those which had been cited by Mr. Law. The Court then said it was not enough that Mr. Loten, an officer of the Court, and a gentleman of great experience in it, should state in his affidavit, that the circumstances of this case were such, as to make this application necessary, but that the Court should have before it by affidavit, what the circumstances of aggravation were, in order to see whether there was sufficient ground for this application. If the Court had any jurisdiction to grant this application, this he maintained was the time, and this the case in which that jurisdiction should be exercised. The Court had to decide to day whether the Court would, while England was England, exercise its discretionary power to take a process out of its ordinary course for the purpose of due administration of justice; because, if this application was refused, no man could afterwards gravely ask for the like in future. He owned that applications of this kind must be at rest for ever, if this rule be not made absolute.

The question now was—"Whether any person whomsoever, who, after having pleaded, had entered a *retraxit*, could be brought before the public Forum of that Court, to have the circumstances of his guilt investigated?"

He had not yet stated the circumstances of this case in their aggravated light, but now he was under the painful necessity of doing so:—

The Plaintiff, when he went out of town with his wife, left the Defendant

fendant in care of his busineſs. That Defendant was his firſt couſin and partner in trade. The Defendant, ſtanding in this conſiderable and double relation to the Plaintiff, made uſe of his advantage to undo him in his peace of mind for ever. The Plaintiff and his wife went down to Bath under ſome advice for that purpoſe; and he intended to leave her under the care of her mother, ſhould he have occaſion to return to town. He deſired, before he went, that the Defendant ſhould write to him, if a certain packet ſhould arrive, or if any other buſineſs ſhould be brought forward that required to be tranſacted by himſelf. It was under this confidential ſituation that the Defendant concealed the abominable project he had in view, and under colour of which he carried it into execution. He wrote to his couſin and partner a letter to the following effect:—

"DEAR SIR,

"The packet arrived this morning: and, as you ſaid you were willing to come to town, I requeſt you will, and be in time in the morning to be at a meeting on the Exchequer Warrants. News is generally good here; the Funds are better, &c."

Upon ſuch a melancholy event as this, he could not help exclaiming with the Poet:

Are there no ſtones in Heav'n
But ſuch as ſerve for thunder.

No packet had arrived; no intelligence had been received. The whole was the wicked and infamous invention of this man to bring the Plaintiff away; and he croſſed him on the road, and went on the purpoſe of debauching the wife of his partner and couſin, which purpoſe he effected; and then he wrote to the Plaintiff another letter, in which he ſaid—

"When we parted on Wedneſday it was for the laſt time, for I never ſhall return. I have deceived you, and I wiſh this was the only deception I have practiſed upon you. When you ſee my father, break it open by degrees to him, &c."

There was alſo a letter from the lady to her mother, in which ſhe expreſſed herſelf with ſorrow, and called herſelf an unworthy daughter.

Theſe were the circumſtances of the caſe. His learned friend, Mr. Law, had hinted at the repentance of the Plaintiff's wife, and the derangement of her mind. Whence came all that repentance, that derangement, and all the miſery of the family? Whence, but from the infamous conduct of the Defendant! No argument, however, could be urged upon this part of the caſe, for it was not before the Court upon affidavit. He could not agree with his learned friend, Mr. Law, that this was not a proper ſubject for publicity. On the contrary, he thought that to draw the attention of the public to ſuch a caſe, and giving them an opportunity of witneſſing the adminiſtration of juſtice in the courſe of diſpoſing of ſuch a caſe as this, might be highly beneficial to public morals. He ſpoke from feeling in his own perſon when he ſaid, that there could be nothing more important than the publicity of ſuch a caſe. It was impoſſible to read to mankind a leſſon more awful, and at the ſame time inſtructive, than that of ſhewing with what conſequences atrocious guilt muſt be followed. That awfulneſs muſt be as much greater in public, as the dignity of a public Court was ſuperior to a Tribunal whoſe proceedings were tranſacted in a corner. The Court, therefore, if they had the juriſdiction, would rather

graſp

grasp at the exercise of it, than pass it by in such a case as this. He believed, there were not many who had a higher reverence for religion than he felt, but he would say, that in his opinion, there was no act of devotion to God, or of duty to man in social state, which could have a more solemn effect upon all beholders, than that of the effect of a detection of guilt in an open Court of Justice:—By sending this case, therefore, to an inferior Tribunal, much of the advantage of punishing the guilty would be lost.

If the Court had not a jurisdiction in this case, he knew they would not assume it, but if they had, the question would be, would they refuse to exercise it?—If they did, they would in effect declare, it would be useless to make any such motion as this again. The case of a noble Marquis had been alluded to, in which the Court had refused the motion. He never meant to deny that the Court had the power to refuse, but his learned friend seemed to contend that they had not the power of granting it. He could state a case of much less importance than this, in which the Court had granted this motion, and that since my Lord Kenyon had sat in it: that was the case of Markham and Edgar for a breach of promise of marriage. No question could come into Court which was more purely a question of damages than an action for a breach of promise of marriage, and yet, in that case, the Court granted the same motion as this upon affidavit of the aggravation of the circumstances. This came afterwards before Justice Eyre at Norfolk, and the Jury gave 500l. damages. That case was nothing, when compared to this. Another case was that in which a gentleman of the name of Hamilton, was arrested for another man, and arrested maliciously; that case was upon such a motion as this brought before the Chief Justice after judgment had passed by default. There were many, many cases in which this motion was made, but which he should not cite, it was sufficient for him that the Court had the power to grant it. The question for the Court now was, "Whether when a party, not leaving judgment to pass by default, but pleading, and afterwards entering a *retraxit*, as of course he had a right to do, the Plaintiff was not to have an opportunity of investigating, in a public court, the circumstances of a case of great moment to mankind in general, or whether it was to be sent to an inferior tribunal to be investigated?"

Mr. Gibbs said, he did not feel he could add any thing to what had been said by Mr. Erskine.

Mr. Justice Ashhurst said, that as to the power of the Court there was no doubt but that they had it in their discretion to grant, or to refuse this motion, on application for that purpose; where there was judgment by default, or judgment as in this case, the Court might order that a writ of inquiry may be executed before the Chief Justice. The only question was, "Whether it was absolutely fit that they should remove this case out of the ordinary course, and bring it before a higher Tribunal?" He owned, for himself, and that especially as there were three or four cases in which the Court had refused the motion, and those very special, and as the Court were not bound to grant it, he doubted of the propriety of granting this motion. This motion, if granted, would take the cause out of its proper channel. The Defendant had pleaded the general issue, and had afterwards withdrawn his plea and let judgment go against him. He did not see that that made any extraordinary

traordinary difference againſt the Defendant; on the contrary, it was rather in favour of the Defendant, for by withdrawing his plea and pleading guilty, he gave the Plaintiff no farther trouble.

Mr. Juſtice Groſe ſaid the queſtion was, "Whether the Court were bound to withdraw this caſe from the ordinary channel, and bring it before a Judge at Niſi Prius?"—The Plaintiff might have a good Jury; for that the Court would never refuſe, and then the ſame deſcription of perſons would be on the Jury as if it was tried before the Chief Juſtice. The Jury were the proper perſons to aſſeſs damages.

Mr. Juſtice Lawrence conſidered this as a motion to the diſcretion of the Court. If it involved a complicated queſtion of law, which required the learning of the Chief Juſtice to aſſiſt the Jury, the Court would grant the motion. As to the appeal to the dignity of the Court, he did not ſee that it was more forcible in this caſe than in that of Carmarthen and Byron, and ſeveral other caſes. The queſtion therefore was, "Whether there was any point of law to be determined, ſo as to make it fit for the Court to take this caſe from the common Forum to which it belonged?"—He did not think there was. The Plaintiff might have a good Jury before the Sheriff, as well as before the Judge, and he recollected a caſe in which a Jury before the Sheriff had given 3000l. damages; nor had he any doubt that the Jury in this caſe would do juſtice between the parties. The hearing of a caſe before the Sheriff of Middleſex was a very different thing from that of another county, for in Middleſex there was a great deal of important buſineſs. As to the matter of the *retraxit*, he thought it was in the Defendant's favour. Had this motion come on the part of the Defendant, he ſhould have been more inclined to grant it, becauſe, in that caſe, he might imagine that the diſcriminating powers for which the Chief Juſtice was eminent might be of ſervice to him to prevent the effect of paſſion in the Jury. He did not think, upon the whole, that the Plaintiff would looſe by going before the Sheriff.

Rule diſcharged.—Lord Kenyon was not in Court.

Mr. Erſkine then moved for a good Jury (this is a Special Jury) to aſſeſs damages before the Sheriff in this cauſe.—Rule granted.

SPORTING QUERIES: *or rather*, QUERIES *for the* SPORTING WORLD.

IS Mr. O——n (now called the Newmarket Oracle), the *ſame perſon* who, five and twenty years ſince, was an annual pedeſtrian to Aſcot, covered with *duſt*, and amuſing himſelf with *pricking* in the *belt*, *huſtling* in the *hat*, &c. amongſt the loweſt claſs of ruſtics, at the inferior booths of the fair?

Is D—k—y B——n, who now has his *ſnug Farm*, the *ſame perſon* who, ſome years ſince, *drove poſt chaiſe* for T——y of Bagſhot, could neither *read* or *write*, and was introduced to *the family*, only by his pre-eminence at *cribbage?*

Is Mr. T—y—ss (with his phæton) the *ſame perſon* who, ſome years ſince, became a bankrupt in Taviſtock-ſtreet, immediately commenced the man of faſhion at Bath, kept running horſes, &c. *Secundem artem?*

Is Mr. P——ps (who now has his town and country houſe, in the moſt faſhionable ſtyle) the ſame perſon who was originally a linen draper, and bankrupt, at Saliſbury, and who made his firſt *family* entre

in

in the metropolis by his superiority at *billiards* (with Captain Wallace, —— Orrell, &c.) at the then fashionable resort, Cropley's, in *Bow-street?*

Was poor *carbuncled* P——e, (so many years the favourite *decoy duck* of the *family*) the very *barber* at Oxford, who, in the midst of the operation upon a gentleman's face, laid down his razor, swearing, "he would never *shave* another man so long as he lived," and immediately became the leading hero of the *card* table, the *bones*, the *box*, and the *Cockpit?*

Morning Post, July 5. OLD Q.

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(*Continued from page* 135.)

AS some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far gleaming, dart the same united blaze:
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve.
So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears! the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure,
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapin once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race; well-train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudful art
Th' arch felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize: in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issu'd from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life: a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried.
Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail
Attest his joy; then with deep op'ning mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th' audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat

The

The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his ſenſe!

Should ſome more curious ſportſman here enquire,
Whence this ſagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing ſtep by ſtep, or man or brute?
What guide inviſible points out their way,
O'er the dank marſh, bleak hill, and ſandy plain?
The courteous Muſe ſhall the dark cauſe reveal.
The blood that from the heart inceſſant rolls
In many a crimſon tide, then here and there
In ſmaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the ſerous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours riſe,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmoſphere compreſs'd.
The painting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the ſkin perſpires;
Leaves a long-ſtreaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unleſs
By ſome rude ſtorm diſpers'd, or rarefied
By the meridian ſun's intenſer heat.
To ev'ry ſhrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the graſs, impregnate earth and ſkies.
With noſtrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds purſue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful ſtream, quick pleaſures ſting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confeſs
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy ſtreaks
At eve forbode a bluſt'ring ſtormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping froſts, and the keen biting blaſts
Of the dry parching eaſt, menace the trees
With tender bloſſoms teeming, kindly ſpare
Thy ſleeping pack, in their warm beds of ſtraw
Low-ſinking at their eaſe; liſtleſs they ſhrink
Into ſome dark receſs, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouſe up the ſlumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz'd, lifeleſs, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted: high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed briſtles ſtare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each ſtomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, ſick, ſpiritleſs, forlorn.
Theſe inauſpicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean ſcience, ſeaſon'd with good-natur'd wit.
But if th' inclement ſkies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each ſacred page
Rich with the wiſe remarks of heroes old.
Converſe familiar with th' illuſtrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bleſs kind Heav'n,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that ſweeteſt bleſſing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookleſs ſauntring youth, proud of the ſkut
That dignifies his cap, his flouriſh'd belt,
And ruſty couples gingling by his ſide.
Be thou of other mold; and know that ſuch
Tranſporting pleaſures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wiſdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

NOR will it leſs delight th' attentive ſage
T' obſerve that Inſtinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reaſon's lore
And oft tranſcends: Heav'n-taught the roebuck ſwift
Loiters at eaſe before the driving pack
And mocks their vain purſuit, nor far he flies
But checks his ardour, till the ſteaming ſcent
That freſhens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their ſpeed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; ſtrain'd to exceſs each nerve,
Each ſlacken'd ſinew faints; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches ſecure, and leaves the ſcatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the diſtant vale below.

'Tis

'Tis inſtinct that directs the jealous hare
To chooſe her ſoft abode: with ſtep revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her cloſe receſs.

As wand'ring ſhepherds on th' Arabian plains
No ſettled reſidence obſerve, but ſhift
Their moving camp, now, on ſome cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreſhing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling ſtreams diſtil
From ſome penurious ſource, their thirſt allay,
And feed their fainting flocks: ſo the wiſe hares
Oft quit their ſeats, leſt ſome more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treach'rous wiles
Plot their deſtruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and cloſe they ſit.
When Spring ſhines forth, ſeaſon of love and joy,
In the moiſt marſh, 'mong beds of ruſhes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when Summer ſuns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpleſs young:
But when Autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiouſly avoid
The dripping covert: yet when Winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with ſpeed return'd
In the long graſs they ſkulk, or ſhrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing ſtill,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry ſeaſon carefully obſerv'd,
Th' inconſtant winds, the fickle element,
The wiſe experienc'd huntſman ſoon may find
His ſubtle, various game, nor waſte in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds
With diſappointment vex'd, each ſpringing lark
Babbling purſue, far ſcatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties ſhow'rs; the fields are ſhorn;
Inwardly ſmiling, the proud farmer views
The riſing pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increaſe; his barns are ſtor'd,
And groaning ſtaddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough briſtly ſtubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no ſecret curſe
Swells in the farmer's breaſt, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, ſome kind Pow'r inviſible;
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the ſwift racers, ſtretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boaſt of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to thoſe ſpacious plains, where the ſtrain'd eye
In the wide proſpect loſt, beholds at laſt
Sarum's proud ſpire, that o'er the hills aſcends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotſwold, where the well-breath'd beagle climbs,
With matchleſs ſpeed, thy green aſpiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild bluſhing goddeſs, hail!
Rejoic'd I ſee thy purple mantle ſpread
O'er half the ſkies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry ſhrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep ſunk in down
Slumber ſecure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful ſteams ſhall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, ſhall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn ſonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their mattins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courſer hears their voice; ſee there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues ſevere, from their hard taſks,
If once diſmiſs'd, no limits can contain

The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolick play:
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inwary extasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on! behind the clust'ring pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the straggling cur, that wildly roves;
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind,
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flow'rs Autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew.
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks; till more assur'd
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost deceiv'd my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd,
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known Muse she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ri g hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stript for the chace, give all your souls to joy!
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
The grass unbruis'd; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Comparison between the Qualities of the ASS *and* HORSE.

I Hold the ass in no less esteem than Sterne did, and although I never give him the bitter stump of an artichoke, or sweet macaroons, nor ever had the *felicity* of *conversing* with this sentimental creature! yet

yet I so venerate his humble character, that it grieves me to the heart to hear him degraded by vile comparisons with some of our unworthy degenerate species! such as when a man is a fool, he is said to be as foolish as an ass; if stupid, as stupid as an ass; if illiterate, as ignorant as an ass; and if ugly, as ugly as an ass. But why this contempt for an animal so patient, good and useful. Now he who calls that animal foolish, is no more wise himself; nay, is very ignorant not to know his sagacity. It is well known how much he is attached to his master, though in general he is unworthy of that poor animal's fidelity: He will smell him from afar, and know him from all other men if he has lost him; he will seek him even for days together. Sterne seems to have been acquainted with the sagacity, affection, and virtue of this animal, when he makes the old German lament the loss of his ass, (when *La Fleur* offered him money, and the old man refused it.) "It was not," he said "the value of the ass, but the loss of him: The ass," he said, "loved him, and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days, during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarcely eat nor drank till they met." "Thou hast one comfort friend," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive, but now that he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him: they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for!" "Shame on the world," said I to myself; "did we love each other, as this poor soul loved his ass, it would be something!"

Pliny says, in his usual marvellous way, "that this animal has so great an affection for its young, that if separated from it, she would go through fire to recover it."

But why are these animals called stupid, for possessing the most essential good qualities.—Steadiness and patience under all his sufferings. This gentleness of demeanor it is which makes him so admirably useful, but which is foolishly denominated stupidity. Poor animal! how I have seen thee abused and despised by the very wretches who were profiting from thy overloaded burthens! Detestable ingratitude! I would rather see such wretches scourged than even vile thieves of notoriety. Is he so ugly as to be compared with the ugliest of the human species? No: we do not say as ugly as an horse, because we know it to be a handsome animal; yet had we not the horse, says Buffon, we should rank the ass first instead of second, and account him a beautiful and well-proportioned animal; and when young, he is both handsome and sprightly; he has cleaner and drier legs than the horse, his scent more acute, and it is owing to his fine long ears that he hears sounds from afar, better perhaps than any other animal; his eyes are remarkably strong and fine, he is surer-footed than the horse, and has at least as many good qualities as the horse; if he is illiterate, it is because we do not bestow on him the same education as on the horse, who is instructed and exercised, but he is full as susceptible of education, and has been taught even to be learned.

The ass will live where the horse will starve, and is of use in countries where a horse, with all his spirit and beauty, would be of no service. I by no means then see why he

he fhould be fo much degraded in comparifon with a horfe, for fome of his family in certain parts of the world, are even larger, ftronger, fwifter, and more beautiful, than the generality of horfes.

The affes of the defarts of Lybia and Numidia, it is faid, run fo faft, that only the horfes of Barbary can beat them in hunting. The defcent of the afs is therefore as antient and honourable as that of the proud and impetuous horfe, and has been more honoured than any other animal in the world—he carried the fon of God upon his back, when he enter- the holy city of Jerufalem.

He has been favoured with infpiration: he fpoke the language of man and rebuked his rider! Would to God he could again talk, and feverally frighten thofe brutes who make him work beyond his ftrength, and wantonly and wickedly beat and abufe him.

Buffon obferves, that thefe poor friendlefs animals greatly degenerate in the colder countries; they are *aborigines* of warm climates it is true, but were they taken good care of in this country, and a felection made of thofe the moft proper for propagating the fpecies, no doubt we fhould have them larger, ftronger, more fpirited and active, and they would confequently do much of the labour which that expenfive animal, the horfe, now performs.

A few years ago I faw an afs at *Carifbrook Caftle*, in the *Ifle of Wight*, that was of a height and ftrength fufficient to carry thirteen or fourteen ftone; it was taken great care of, and being fometimes curried, his coat was fhort, clean, and fhining; he was fo docile, that when his mafter called him by name, he would immediately run to him from any part of a large field. His bufinefs was to draw water by a large wheel from a very deep well fuppofed to be funk by the Romans: when his keeper wanted water, he would fay to him, "Tom, I want water, my boy; get into the wheel my good lad;" which Thomas immediately performed with an alacrity and fagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precife number of times neceffary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis to compleat his labour, becaufe every time he brought the bucket to the furface of the well, he conftantly ftopped, and turned round his honeft head to obferve the moment when his mafter laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, becaufe he had then a nice evolution to make either to recede or advance a little. It was pleafing to obferve with what fteadinefs and regularity the poor animal performed this labour.

It is well known the afs does not commonly live above twenty-five or thirty years, and from barbarous ufage, perhaps few live half that period; yet the predeceffor of this animal, which performed the fame work, I was affured, from good authority, lived to the amazing age of fifty-three years, and probably might have lived feveral years longer, had he not died from accident; for being blind, he got up fome fteep place, fell down, and was killed. Extraordinary longevity, I prefume, is not confined to any fpecies of animals.

J. J. B.

ROMAN EPICURISM

From the Preliminary Difcourfe to "Warner's Antiquitates Culinariæ."

"*Ingeniofa gula eft.*"—Martial.

AFTER enumerating various inftances of refined epicurifm, Mr. W. adds, "But no name appears to have been more famous

mous at Rome, amongſt the good livers of that luxurious city, or held in higher eſtimation by them, than that of Apicius.

There were three Apicii, who flouriſhed at different periods, and were all notorious for their ſenſuality. The firſt lived before Rome had loſt her freedom: the ſecond refined upon the luxury of the Auguſtan age, and the third ſyſtematized gluttony under the Emperor Trajan.

The ſecond Apicius, however, appears to have been, without compariſon, the moſt ingenious epicure of the three. He reduced gormandizing to a ſcience, and gave lectures at Rome, on the various methods of tickling the palate, and preparing delicacies for the table.

This gentleman cook (for he boaſted a patrician deſcent) was, according to Pliny, remarkably ſkilful in the preparations of ragouts;* and the Apician receipt for preſerving oyſters, (which he contrived to ſend 500 leagues without loſing their freſhneſs) was, for a long time, conſidered as an ineſtimable piece of culinary knowledge †.

The ſums conſumed by Apicius in the indulgence of his palate were enormous. When his affairs became embarraſſed, in conſequence of this profuſe expenditure, he was driven to the neceſſity of inſpecting his accounts, and finding that of his large poſſeſſions only 70 or 80,000l. remained, in deſpair at being obliged to diſcontinue his uſual mode of living, he cloſed his uſeful and reſpectable exiſtence with a doſe of poiſon ‡.

A curious book relative to the Roman art of Cookery has reached our times; the larger part of which conſiſts of Receipts under the name of Apicius. Some of the learned doubt whether it be the production of the epicure we have juſt mentioned or not; though they all allow it to be genuine, and at leaſt as old as the later emperors. From this authentic and curious repertory of Roman culinary knowledge, we tranſlate the following condiment, which may be conſidered as the claſſical original (with ſome little alterations) of the modern *Scotch Haggis*.

AN HOG'S PAUNCH!*

"Having cleanſed it well from its contents, waſh it firſt with vinegar and ſalt, and afterwards with water. Then take the fleſh of the hog pounded to a paſte; mix with it the brains of three hogs, cleanſed from the fibres, together with eggs boiled hard. To this mixture put cloves of garlick, add whole pepper, and reduce it to a proper liquidity with broth. Bruiſe pepper, *Liguſticum*,† *aſſa-fœtida*, aniſeſeed, ginger, and a ſmall quantity of rue; add the beſt *Garum*,‡ and a little oil, and mix the whole with the above. Stuff the paunch with this compoſition, but not very tightly, leſt it be too much agitated whilſt boiling. Tie the mouth of it ſecurely, and put it into a cauldron of hot water, after having pricked it with a needle, to prevent it from burſting. When it is

* Plin. l. 8. c 51.
† Athenæus Deipnos, lib. I. p. 7.
‡ Seneca de Conſol. ad Helviam, c. 10.

* Apicius, lib. vii. c. 7.
† An herb of an hot nature found in Tuſcany. Loveage
‡ The Garum and Liquamen were nearly ſynonymous terms; the former prepared from the Scombrus fiſh, the latter from the Tunny. They were liquids, and thus prepared: The inteſtines of fiſh were put into a veſſel with a quantity of ſalt, and expoſed to the action of the ſun till the maſs was putrid. The mixture produced a liquor, which was the Garum or Liquamen abovementioned. Pliny, lib. xxxi. c. 7, 8.

parboiled, take it out from the cauldron, and hang it up to ſmoak, that it may be of a proper colour. Laſtly, when you boil it for the purpoſe of eating, add to it garum, wine, and a little oil; when ſufficiently done, cut it open with a ſmall knife, and ſerve it up with Liquamen, and Liguſticum." How far does this complicated condiment outſtrip all the culinary ſkill of modern times; the ingenious contrivances of Mrs. Glaſs; and the ſage receipts of Engliſh houſewifery!!!

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH, JULY 12.

Before Lord Kenyon *and a* Special Jury.

ILLEGAL LOTTERY INSURANCE OFFICE.

MR. Erſkine ſtated, that this action was brought againſt the Defendant, who was Inſpector of Lottery Offices, to recover damages for breaking and entering the Plaintiff's houſe, ſituate on the weſt ſide of Surrey-ſtreet, in the pariſh of St. Clement Danes, and proſtrating and deſtroying the wainſcots and other parts of the houſe. The Plaintiff was leſſee of the premiſes in queſtion, for a term of years, under his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and had let them to a perſon of the name of Hoare, who had uſed them for the purpoſe of carrying on the illegal buſineſs of inſuring Lottery Tickets. The Defendant, by virtue of an act of parliament, which authorized the Commiſſioners of the Lottery, and thoſe employed under them, to break open the door of any place ſuſpected of being the ſcene of illegal inſurance, had entered the Plaintiff's houſe, and committed the acts ſpecified in the declaration. The Defendant, and thoſe he took to aſſiſt him, had acted in ſuch a manner, that, inſtead of ſuppoſing them to be public officers of juſtice, any one would have imagined they had been an irritated mob, who, in conſequence of having been defrauded of their money, had come to wreak that ſummary mode of revenge, which was frequently had recourſe to by the populace in caſes of a ſimilar nature. They had, after breaking open the houſe, and not finding any of thoſe they ſought for, proceeded to deſtroy the ſtaircaſe, the floor, the furniture, and every thing they could find.

The firſt witneſs proved the leaſe from his Grace to the Plaintiff, and the ſubſequent letting to Mr. Hoare.

John Cox, a fireman and waterman at Surrey ſtairs, depoſed, that on the 23d of February laſt, about ſix o'clock in the morning, he ſaw the Defendant with ſix or ſeven others, going to ſearch the houſe; they had ſledge hammers, crows, and tomahawks; the Defendant gave directions to break open the ſtreet door, which was done. They were however prevented from entering the houſe by an inner door, made of three inch deal, and ſtrongly protected with plates of iron, and iron faſtenings. The Defendant then ordered them to repair to the back kitchen window, in Strand-lane. They did ſo, and with their pole-axes, tomahawks, and ſledge hammers, forced an entrance. The witneſs went into the kitchen with them, but they immediately deſired him to depart, as he had no buſineſs there.

There

There did not appear to be any obstruction to their proceeding further into the house, they however broke the windows and window frames, and demolished the dressers in the kitchen, and cut them to pieces with their tomahawks; they next broke the cupboard door, &c. &c. After they were gone, the witness went into the house, and perceived all the winding bannisters of the stairs cut down, and a great part of the flooring cut.

Upon his cross-examination, he said, he did not know that insurance was carried on; neither did he know that Hoare was at present in Newgate, nor had he communicated with any one, except the Plaintiff's attorney, who had subpœnaed him.

Three other witnesses corroborated his testimony with respect to the procedure of the Defendant.

Mr. Meakings, the Plaintiff's attorney, said, he went to the Magistrates of Bow-street, to complain of the transaction; the Defendant was present, who said, if he had any thing to complain of, he would defend any action he might bring, and that he would give twenty pounds out of his own pocket, to have the action tried. The witness called on him a second time, to serve him with a notice, when he again said he would give twenty pounds to have the matter tried. That he had done ten times more mischief to a house in Oxford Road, where he had left nothing standing but the bare bricks and tiles.

Mr. Garrow observed, that this was a case of very great importance to the interests of the community. The nuisance of Lottery Insurance Offices had been long known and acknowledged, and the Defendant was an active person under government in the suppression of that nuisance, and hazarded his life in the performance of his duty. What would the Jury think, when he informed them that upon the Defendant first endeavouring to get into the house, a blunderbuss was thrice snapped at him, which afterwards, upon examination, appeared to have had six slugs and a hundred swan shot in it. Mr. Garrow proceeded to describe the interior of this scene of wickedness, observing, that a room was discovered with the day-light shut out, and a candle burning, in which the names of the deluded people who staked their money were taken down; that books were found with the names of half the servants in the neighbourhood, who appeared to have ventured some 2s. some 10d. and some even as low as 5d. After commenting with his usual ability upon the immorality and dangerous consequences of such places, he appealed to the Jury whether it would be proper or consistent to give damages to any extent against the Defendant, who had acted for the public in the suppression of them.

Lord Kenyon left the question of damages entirely to the Jury, but he trusted they would be given with moderation. If Mr. Wood was within hearing *(he was in Court)* he wished to observe that he was a man to whom the public owed a great deal, but he should recollect that he ought not to commit any excess while in the execution of his duty. His Lordship again complimented Mr. Wood on the services he had rendered society.

The Jury, after consulting about five minutes, gave the Plaintiff a verdict with Twenty Pounds damages.

It appeared that the people in the house had escaped through a hole in the wall, which let them into a back house in Strand-lane, where Hoare kept a Cold Bath.

THEATRI-

THEATRICALS.

BOTANY BAY.

THE following is the copy of a Play Bill juſt arrived from Botany Bay. Here, it ſeems Plays are now performed by the Convicts.

By Permiſſion of His Excellency.

For the Benefit of H. GREEN,

On Saturday, July 23, 1796, will be performed

THE BUSY BODY.

Marplot	-	*W. Fokes.*
Sir Francis Gripe,		*L. Jones.*
Charles,	-	*W. Chapman.*
Sir Jealous Traffic,		*H. Green.*
Whiſper,	-	*R. Evans.*
And Sir George Airy,		*J. Sparrow.*
Iſabinda,	-	*Mrs. Greville.*
Patch,	-	*Mrs. Radley.*
And Mirinda	-	*Mrs. Davies.*

To which will be added,

THE POOR SOLDIER.

Patrick,	-	*H. Lavell.*
Fitzroy,	-	*R. Mondy.*
Father Luke,	-	*H. Green.*
Dermet,	-	*R. Evans.*
Darby,	-	*W Fokes.*
Kathlane,	-	*H. Wynn.*
And Norah,	-	*Mrs. Greville.*

Front Boxes, 3s. 6d.—Pit, 2s. 6d.—Gallery, 1s.

Doors to be opened at half paſt Five; begin at Six.

Tickets to be had of R. Sidway; of R. Evans; and on Saturday at the houſe adjoining the Theatre.

H. Green was tranſported for picking pockets.

Sidway for returning twice from tranſportation: he was one of the firſt that went out to Botany Bay, tranſported for a burglary, and was appointed baker to the Colony, in which ſituation he has realized upwards of three thouſand pounds; his time of tranſportation has been long expired, but he does not chooſe to leave the ſettlement, where he has a great proſpect of increaſing his wealth.

Mrs. Radley was convicted of perjury, in attempting to ſcreen her huſband from being convicted of a robbery.

THE COUNT AND THE JOCKEY.

LAW CASE.

Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall.

COUNT ORLOFF *verſus* CHIFFNEY.

THE Plaintiff, a Ruſſian Nobleman, wiſhing to improve the breed of horſes in his native country, gave an order to his agent, Gallen, to employ a perſon to purchaſe for him a race horſe or horſes, to the amount of 2000l. at the utmoſt; the horſe or horſes to be good and ſound; for the trouble of the purchaſe, the perſon employed was to have 100l. as commiſſion. Mr. Chiffney, who is well known on the turf as a famous horſe jockey, was applied to, and, among others, bought a horſe called Gunpowder, an immediate deſcendant of Eclipſe, of Mr. O'Kelly, for 510 guineas. Gunpowder was put in charge of a Mr. Stapylton, who finding, while in his charge a ſpeck appear on one of his eyes, wrote to Mr. Chiffney to inform him of it, as he would

would not deliver him as a ſound horſe, unleſs he had Mr. Chiffney's orders to do ſo. A Farrier was ſent down by Mr. Chiffney, with a letter to Mr. Stapylton, adviſing, that if the Farrier approved, he was to take the horſe away; he did approve, and the horſe was taken away. On Mr. Chiffney's ſettling, or endeavouring to ſettle with the Count's agent, his demand of 100l. for commiſſion, as well as twelve guineas for ſending down the Farrier to look at the horſe, were refuſed. Mr. Chiffney therefore kept the horſe, and to recover him, or the 510 guineas, this action was brought.

His Lordſhip directed that a verdict ſhould be entered for the Plaintiff, ſubject to a rule, that Mr. Chiffney ſhould avoid the payment of the 510 guineas, by delivering the horſe, whenever called upon, without charging for his keep, &c.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of the GAME *of* ALL-FOURS.

THERE are three principal cards in this game, which are ace, knave and deuce of trumps; the ace reckons firſt as higheſt, the deuce next as loweſt, the jack or knave as third, and what is called the game as fourth and laſt; from whence the game derives its name of All-Fours.

What is meant by the game as fourth, is the majority in number after you have played your cards, reckoning any ace as four, any king as three, any queen as two, any knave as one, and the tens expreſs themſelves by counting for ten each.

After cutting for deal, you muſt deal ſix cards, three by three, and turn up the thirteenth card for the trump. If then the eldeſt hand does not like his cards, he is at liberty to beg; that is, to have one point given him, or to have three more cards dealt to him; in caſe the trump is the ſame as was the laſt, the dealer muſt keep dealing on till it is changed; if in the courſe of dealing a knave is turned up for the trump card, it reckons for one. Then the elder hand proceeds to play a card, which, unleſs he has the ace, king, or queen of trumps, ſhould be a ſmall one in order to throw the lead into his antagoniſts hand, thereby keeping the tens, if he has any for an opportunity to make as being laſt player; or if he has the jack of trumps not well guarded, he ſhould take the firſt card his antagoniſt plays with it, if he can; and then keep playing a ſmall one to him again in order to be the laſt player, which is a great advantage at this game.

When the hand cards are played out you reckon for game, that is, the fourth point. If you play the ſeverities of the game, you muſt not look at your cards on this occaſion, but muſt mark your game according to the beſt of your remembrance. If you mark a point for game when you have it not, your antagoniſt takes the advantage, and ſcores up All-Fours to his ſcore, but generally no more than one point, according as it is agreed upon. The only judgment of this game conſiſts in playing your cards well, ſo as to make your tens, aces, kings, &c. and thereby gain the game point, which is a very material thing at All-Fours, as the game for the ſtake ſeldom exceeds nine or eleven points, according as you make it before you begin to play; all the reſt depends on chance, that is, if the game is played fair.

LORD BERKELEY.

TRIAL ON THE GAME LAWS.

PARKER *versus* HARRIS.

MR. Garrow ſtated this action to be brought againſt the Defendant, for recovery of the penalties impoſed by the Game Laws upon perſons killing Game. He was aware that actions of this ſort, at the inſtance of his preſent Client (Lord Berkeley) often produced obſervations from a Defenfendant's Counſel reſpecting the rigour with which that Noble Lord enforced the Game Law; but whatever effect ſuch obſervations might have upon a Jury, certainly his Lordſhip, or any Gentleman of property, had a right to preſerve his Game for his own amuſement, or that of his friends; and it was not to be endured that perſons ſhould ſelect the ſpot neareſt his Lordſhip's manſion-houſe to poach on. He ſhould prove the offence to have been committed, after which he had no doubt but the Jury would give effect to the Law by their Verdict.

William Clarkſon, Lord Berkeley's Game-keeper, remembered ſeeing the Defendant kill a Pheaſant on the 31ſt of October, and another on the 21ſt of November laſt.

Mr. Erſkine ſaid he was weary of croſs-examining Lord Berkeley's Game-keeper, he would, however, have a ſhort converſation with the Witneſs.

Erſkine.—Q. Are you the ſame old friend I have ſeen here ſo often, for I hardly know you again; you have got yourſelf cropped?—A. Sir.

Q. Do you remember Aſcot Heath Races?—A. Sir.

Q. You had good ſport there?—A. I know it rained very faſt.

Q. You would have been pretty well drenched if you had walked; but I believe you got rolled in the rain?—A. Sir.

Q. How many yards was you rolled in the wet?—A. I do not know. If I had known you would have aſked me, I would have meaſured them.

Q. I believe you got your hand into ſomebody's pocket?—A. Sir.

Mr. Erſkine.—That's all I would trouble you with; you may go.

Another ſervant of Lord Berkeley's proved the Defendant having killed a hare.

Mr. Erſkine lamented that Lord Berkeley ſhould render himſelf ſo unpopular as he did, by his extreme anxiety to preſerve his game. With reſpect to the witneſs Clarkſon, he did not mean to lean hard upon him, though he had miſtaken another man's pocket at Aſcot Races for his own, for which the perſon, being rather of an iraſcible temper, had rolled him in the wet. Mr. Erſkine ſaid his defence was, that the Defendant was properly qualified to ſhoot. He ridiculed the ſyſtem of the Game Laws as whimſical and inconſiſtent. Himſelf, for inſtance, was not qualified to ſhoot, but his ſon, by virtue of his wonderful deſcent from an unqualified man, might poach all over the kingdom. He ſhould prove that the Defendant had married the niece of a Gentleman of fortune, who had given him an eſtate which was ſufficient to qualify him to ſport.

It was proved the Defendant had married the niece of a Mr. Fellowes, of Uxbridge, and that he was in poſſeſſion of an eſtate conſiderably more than amounted to a qualification.

The Plaintiff was therefore nonſuited.

SAGACITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

MR. Haldane, a gentleman who lives about a mile from Stirling, in Scotland, has got two of theſe dogs ſo completely trained, that every morning being harneſſed and put into a ſmall cart, they ſet out from his houſe and go to his baker's at Stirling. The baker keeps a key to the box, which is ſent with them, and having fed the dogs, diſpatches them with hot rolls. In their way home they likewiſe call at the poſt houſe, and bring with them what letters may be for the family.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page* 141.)

BESIDES pugiliſts, there was another kind of prize-fighters with the ſword, quarter-ſtaff, &c. who exhibited their ſkill on Broughton's ſtage. The moſt famous among them were Johnſon, a Yorkſhireman; John Needs of Froome, in Somerſetſhire, entitled the Green Knight; Thomas Hodgkins, who was called the proud Salopian, and in 1746, kept a ſchool for the exerciſe of the cutlaſs; and Wm. Holmes, an Iriſhman, who fought Johnſon twice with the broad ſword, and was beaten by him both times; but afterwards challenged the other to the naked faulchion, which Johnſon declined.

At this time it was cuſtomary for theſe prize-fighters to entertain the public with exhibitions of their art; the heroes paraded the market-places and fairs on horſeback in their ſhirts, with their heads bare, ornamented with ſcars; on the ſword-arm was tied a ribbon, which might be fancied the favour of ſome fair one, and at the ſame time ſwelled the muſcles of the arm, and gave it a more vigorous appearance, (the repreſentation of ſuch a prize-fighter may be ſeen in Hogarth's print of Southwark fair); a ſlight cut or two, that the ſpectators might have ſome blood for their money, decided the combat. But the rage for boxing increaſing, and it being countenanced by William, Duke of Cumberland, brought on the decline of what was called the noble ſcience of defence with the broad-ſword.

Boxing was at its height when Broughton opened his Amphitheatre. Here he eſtabliſhed a ſchool for this art, in which himſelf was the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of ſpirit, to engage under his directions, and promiſed to ſecure their arms and wriſts with mufflers, ſo that nothing might be apprehended by the ſofteſt hand and tendereſt ſkin. A few indeed were hardy enough to try a fall with him, and went through the whole of his manual exerciſe; and, gentlemen of faſhion and fortune, were not aſhamed to diſtinguiſh themſelves this way; for it was then as faſhionable to throw away a ſhilling at Broughton's, as to give Orator Henley one, to hear him philoſophize upon the antiquity of nonſenſe.

From 1743 to 1749, there was ſcarce a week when the gentry were in town, but one or more pitched battles were fought at this Amphitheatre, between ſome of the champions before enumerated, beſides others of leſs note.

June 11, 1746, a very ſevere battle was fought at Broughton's, between Edward Hunt, a pupil of Broughton's, who weighed no more than nine ſtone, and one Hawkſley, a life's-guard-man, who weighed ſeventeen ſtone; the odds before fighting were ten to one in favour of Hawkſley, and they varied

ried according to the events of the battle, not leſs than ten times; but at length Hunt proved victorious, and twice afterwards beat the life's-guard-man, as he alſo did country-men from all parts of England.

About this time, one King, a butcher, at Stanton-Green, fought many good battles, and once beat Smallwood himſelf.

January 31, 1750, a battle was fought between George Taylor, and Slack, a butcher from Norwich, which laſted twenty-five minutes, when Taylor with ſome difficulty beat his antagoniſt.

But the principal battle of this period that attracted public attention was, between Broughton and Slack. It originated from a diſpute that took place between the parties at Hounſlow races, where Broughton threatened to horſewhip Slack, which occaſioned the latter to challenge Broughton. As many partial and mutilated accounts have been circulated in converſation relative to this battle, we ſhall lay before our readers the following, as it was inſerted in a periodical paper of that time.

"Wedneſday, April 11, 1750, was fought, the grand boxing match between the famous Broughton, maſter of the Amphitheatre, hitherto invincible, and Slack, the butcher of Norwich. Before they began, Broughton gave Slack ten guineas to fight him according to his promiſe, which Slack immediately betted againſt one hundred guineas offered againſt him. The firſt two minutes the odds were ten to one on Broughton's head; but Slack ſoon recovering himſelf, beat his adverſary blind, and following his blows, obtained a compleat victory in fourteen minutes, to the great mortification of the knowing ones, who were finely taken in; particularly a Peer of the firſt rank, who betting ten to one, loſt ten thouſand pounds. The money received at the door was 130l. beſides two hundred tickets at a guinea, and half a guinea each; and as the battle was for the whole houſe, it is thought that the victor cleared 600l.

Broughton never fought after this; this battle was the ruin of him. The Duke of Cumberland, who loſt immenſe ſums of money upon this battle, had an idea he played *booty*, forſook him entirely, and his Amphitheatre was ſoon after ſhut up by Act of Parliament.

(To be continued.)

MR. WOODFALL'S CRITIQUE ON THE HEIR AT LAW.

ON Saturday Evening, July 15, a new Comedy, called THE HEIR AT LAW, was performed at the Haymarket Theatre; the characters of which are as follow, and were thus repreſented.

Henry Morland, -	*M. C. Kemble.*
Lord Duberley, -	*Mr. Suett.*
Dick Dowlas, -	*Mr. Palmer.*
Ezekiel Homeſpun, -	*Mr. Munden.*
Stedfaſt, -	*Mr. Aickin.*
Kenrick, -	*Mr. Johnſtone.*
And Peter Pangloſs,	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Lady Duberley,	*Mrs. Davenport.*
Caroline Dormer,	*Miſs De Camp.*
And Ciceley Homeſpun,	*Mrs. Gibbs.*

This Comedy comes from the pen of Mr. Colman, the younger, and is not only an additional proof of his abilities as a dramatic writer, but of the fertility of his imagination, and the rich variety of his genius. It differs eſpecially from every one of his former productions, not merely in the neceſſary difference in the plot and characters, but in the caſt of its compoſition, and the ſtyle and ſtory which it exhibits. Mr. Colman has conceived a natural and an intereſting ground-work of action, and

and filled his ſcene with a group of figures, whoſe conduct, copied from what life daily preſents, actuated by different paſſions, and engaged in different purſuits, forms a picture that attracts and preſerves our attention, and alternately diverts and affects the mind, and pleaſes in a very high degree.

The outline of the plot is this: Lord Duberley having ſuddenly died, while his only ſon Henry Morland was abſent, and ſuppoſed to have been drowned, as news had arrived of the ſhipwreck of the veſſel in which he had ſailed from Quebec on his paſſage home, Ferret, a lawyer of Furnival's Inn, from ſpite to the legatees, ſought to find, and traced the neareſt relation by Daniel Dowlas, a vulgar, ignorant chandler at Goſport, and obtained him poſſeſſion of the title and eſtate, an eſtate of 15,000l. a year. The new Lord immediately ſends for Doctor Pangloſs, a pedant, to cure him of his incorrectneſs of ſpeech, and alſo engages him on a ſalary of 300l. a year, as tutor for his ſon Dick, who he had articled to an attorney at Caſtleton in Derbyſhire, and expected to arrive at the Blue Boar in Holborn, having ſent for him to town. The high reward of 300l. a year elates the tutor, and he ſets off to meet the hopeful youth, and conduct him to his father. Dick arrives at the Inn, in company with Ezekiel Homeſpun and his ſiſter, who had been left deſtitute by the ſudden death of their father, (a farmer at Caſtleton, who had broken his heart on being turned out of his farm by an unfeeling landlord.) The party had lived together in the greateſt friendſhip for ſeven years in the country, and Dick was on the point of marriage with Ciceley, previous to their ſetting out for London. Ezekiel is greatly anxious for the ſafety and well doing of his ſiſter; and Dick, ſhewing an advertiſement in a newſpaper for a maid ſervant, who, if ſhe came from the country would be the more agreeable, the honeſt ruſtic ſets off with Cicely to offer her for the place. In the interim, Doctor Pangloſs is announced at the Inn, and gives Dick a letter from his father, informing him that he is made a Peer, or, as his Lordſhip writes it, a *Pear* of this realm, and that he has engaged the Doctor as his tutor. Dick, who had once been ſent to London by old Latitat his maſter, on ſome buſineſs during term, is up to the diſſipation of the day, and his firſt emotion, on finding that he is the Hon. Mr. Dowlas, and heir to 15,000l. a year, are to enter with ſpirit into faſhionable folly, and to engage Pangloſs, on his doubling the ſalary his father gives him, to allow him to be his director inſtead of his ſcholar. He has ſcarcely concluded the compact, before Ezekiel enters, who had been with Ciceley, and ſucceeded in getting her the place advertized, by her being hired by Miſs Caroline Dormer, a young lady, whoſe father at one time was one of the richeſt merchants in London, but who had, by a ſeries of misfortunes in trade, died one of its pooreſt inhabitants, and conſequently left his daughter under great difficulties. Dick eyes his old ſimple friend with embarraſſment, and afterwards inſults him, by an offer to keep Ciceley, which cuts him to the heart, and almoſt breaks that of the poor girl, whoſe miſtreſs, from ſympathy and goodneſs, behaves in a moſt tender manner to her. Dick has ſcarcely given the wound to his former country companions, than he finds that the ſame ſtroke has wounded himſelf, and is anxious to make atonement, by offering the enraged, virtuous girl, his hand and heart. During theſe tranſactions, Henry Morland, miraculouſly

culouſly ſaved from ſhipwreck, arrives in town, accompanied by Mr. Stedfaſt, the ſharer of his diſtreſſes, and the ſaviour of his life; and the remainder of the plot comprehends the recovery of his father's title and eſtate by Mr. Morland, his union with Caroline, his only object of affection, and deſtined wife, before his voyage; the recovery of 2000l. by a prize in the lottery, which Ezekiel had found among his father's papers, and the reconciliation and marriage of Dick and Ciceley.

In the working up of theſe incidents, and in the colouring and preſervation of the characters, Mr. Colman has diſplayed a maſter's ſkill. Peter Pangloſs is an original, and is far more pleaſing than Vanbrugh's Metaphraſtus or any pedant before on the ſtage. The giving the name of every author he quotes, is a new idea, and while it happily ſerves to ſhew his converſancy with writers ancient and modern, it heightens the whimſical effect of the characters, and keeps the ſcene ſo ſenſibly alive, that "he is mourned when he is miſſed." It does another uſeful thing, it tranſlates "for the Country Gentlemen," and the galleries, and ſerves to convince thoſe who have neither travelled ſo far in books as Heſiod, Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, or Horace, that the quotations muſt ſuit the meaning of Pangloſs, as thoſe from Shakeſpeare, Congreve, Pope, and Swift, with which moſt among them are ſomewhat familiar, at once excite their riſibility, and prove the learned L. L. D. and A. S. S. is an adept at citing appoſite authorities to illuſtrate his obſervations. The vulgarity of Lord Duberley and his lady, who is ſtill more ridiculous by her affectation of ſuperior politeneſs, the pure ſimplicity and deep-rooted integrity of Ezekiel and his ſiſter Ciceley, the kindneſs of Caroline Dormer, and the honeſt attachment of her father's old butler, Kenrick, with the half-formed reſolution to be faſhionably vicious, which marks the character of Dick Dowlas, are ſo ingeniouſly managed, and ſo adroitly expoſed in contraſt, that characters, to which the ſtage is no ſtranger, are thereby rendered extremely intereſting and entertaining.

The dialogue of this Comedy is uncommonly well written; it is enlivened with real wit, ſtrong ſatire, and pointed ridicule; many beautiful and impreſſive ſentiments enrich it, which are naturally introduced and expreſſed with equal force and eaſe, and the whole of it aſſiſts in conveying a ſtrong moral. The plot is well conducted; and though the author fairly and openly carries the audience with him, and keeps no other ſecret from them, but the means he intends to uſe, to execute what he apprizes them, he deſigns to atchieve, the attention is kept alive as much as if it were a play as full of ſurprize as a modern pantomime. The only drawback on its general merit is, that the ſerious rather overweigh the comic ſcenes, and occaſionally create a langour in the action of the Comedy. This would be greatly relieved, if not entirely cured, by applying the pruning knife in one or two of the longeſt ſcenes; but it muſt be done with a delicate hand, leſt the remedy ſhould go beyond the diſeaſe, and maim what it was intended to mend.

Another matter would alſo improve it; a different ſtyle of performing the character of Kenrick. Mr. Johnſtone, though an excellent Comedian, appears to have ſomewhat miſconceived the part, as Mr. Colman ſurely could never intend the Old Iriſhman to be ſo extremely dolorous and triſtful as to let his tears waſh away the humour of the part. Something more

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in the style of O'Clarial and Le Gloire's mixture or natural prosperity to jest in the very moment of serious sadness, we should apprehend was disfigured. Nothing could be better conceived or more successfully executed than Mr. Fawcett's Dr. Pangloss. The quaint affection of serious importance, and the ready unbending the rigour of his muscles, and condescending to dance a jig in the public street, or to perform any other extravagance for his interest, produced an effect irrestisibly laughable. Munden's Ezekiel was likewise an admirable piece of acting, at once a correct exhibition of nature, and a most skilful and judicious display of comic power. Mr Palmer's Dick was well given, but it will, no doubt, be still better, when he is more perfect. Mr. Suett, and Mr. Aickin, were unexceptionable in Lord Duberley and Stedfast, characters extremely well adapted to their different style of performance. Mr. C. Kemble, we apprehend, was depressed in spirits, as he was somewhat under his own par. In the scene with Stedfast, in which he takes offence at his friend's description of his father, he was warm, and empassioned, and played well. In other scenes, he was rather languid. Mrs. Gibbs, though a favourite actress, as far exceeded any performance of her's, as imagination can conceive. A more electrical effect on the sensibility of an audience, was perhaps never produced in a Theatre, than her scene with Dick in the fourth act. Miss De Camp, and Mrs. Davenport, did every thing that the scope of their respective characters would admit.

The Prologue was classical and well written. It was by no means ill delivered by Mr. C. Kemble. The Honourable Mr. North, (the brother of the Earl of Guildford) favoured Mr. Colman with it.

The Epilogue, written by Mr. Colman, was an Epilogue of parts delivered by all the personages of the Drama, each taking a share in it in the character he represented. It produced a most whimsical and laughable effect. The same species of Epilogue was adopted by the late Mr. Garrick to the Clandestine Marriage, and other Comedies. Perhaps Mr. Hoare's success in introducing Sostettos, &c. as Finales, after the manner of the Italian stage, as he has done in the *Lock and Key*, and the *Italian Villagers*, prompted Mr. Colman to revive the custom in dialogue. The difficulty in composing such sort of Epilogues is ending them epigrammatically, which Mr. Colman has done very neatly, by adopting the last line which Terence, in his Comedies, puts into the mouth of one of his characters at the end of each Drama, by way of Address to the Audience—

Valete et plaudite!

Which schoolmasters and rigid versionists would translate—*Farewell, and give us your applause*—but which the writer of this article chuses to put into more familiar colloquy—

Good by t'ye, let's shake hands at parting!

This Comedy was received in every scene either with so much hearty laughter, or with such loud applause, as the action excited each, that it cannot fail to prove as great a favourite as any of Mr. Colman's former productions.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

THIS stage veteran, who has at length paid the inevitable demand, was born in 1699, in the Barony of Innisheven, the northernmost

ernmoſt diſtrict of Ireland. His name was M'Laughlin—the change to Macklin was ludicrouſly related in a Farce firſt acted in 1763, in Dublin.—Macklin's origin was of the humbleſt deſcription; it is believed that he himſelf had been what is called a ſkull, ſynonimous to the Oxford term ſcout, or a common ſervant, in the Univerſity of Dublin. Self-taught, he had acquired a competent portion of polite literature, when he engaged early with a company of ſtrollers at Cheſter, and appeared firſt in 1725 on the London Theatre. Before his celebrated performance of the Jew, in 1731, and Quin's well known Bon Mot, he was limitted to ſubaltern repreſentations. In 1733, a fatal accident had nearly cruſhed his riſing hopes—from a fooliſh quarrel behind the ſcenes of Drury-lane, about a large wig, and its temporary uſe in a performance, a ſtroke from Macklin's cane entered the right eye of his opponent, penetrated to the brains, and cauſed his death: for which offence Macklin was tried, and, though it was a chance blow, in the heat of paſſion, it appears from the Seſſions Paper that he barely eſcaped condemnation. Though a native of the *humbleſt* deſcription, he had not the leaſt of the Iriſh *patois*, but a *tone* was obſervable like the Scotch accent, as ſimilarities of dialect occur in Scotland and the North of Ireland.—Conceiving that he had a pure and correct delivery, with the accent of genuine Angliciſm, he gave lectures in a great room, now the Piazza Coffee-houſe, in Covent Garden, in 1753-4; his audience was numerous; and Mr. Potter, then an eminent ſenator, and ſon of the learned Archbiſhop, was his oratorical pupil. In 1749, he produced Love A-la-mode, which he read before the late King, at his Majeſty's deſire. Having, in Auguſt, 1785, attempted to perform the True Born Scotchman, as well as in an interlude, and a farce of his own compoſition, in Dublin, he was in the laſt piece ſuddenly ſeized with a loſs of memory, which he never recovered, though he acted till 1790, occaſionally, in London. He conſtantly frequented the pit, where he was, for the laſt time, in May, when the Guardian was performed by Royal command. In private life, Macklin was humane, courteous, chearful, and convivial, though ſomewhat warm in argument: he was fond of his country, and vain of being an Iriſhman. Theſe particulars are authentic, collected from his own narratives and frequent converſations, by a friend, who knew him well, and eſteemed him ſuch, and form a juſt and faithful tribute to his memory.

FUNERAL OF MR. MACKLIN.

Saturday, July 15.

At twelve o'clock the mourners aſſembled at the apartments of the deceaſed, in Southampton-ſtreet. It was always his wiſh that uſeleſs pomp might be omitted at his funeral. Accordingly only three mourning coaches followed the hearſe: in the firſt coach were Mr. Barlow, Mr. Hull, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. Kirkman; in the ſecond, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Atkinſon, and Dr. Kennedy; and in the laſt, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Davies, Mr. Ledger, and Mr. Munden. The corpſe was taken to the church-yard, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at one o'clock, and the ſolemn ſervice being performed, it was depoſited in the vault, at the eaſt end of the church. On the coffin-plate was inſcribed

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN,
COMEDIAN,
Died the 11th of July, 1797,
Aged 97 years.

EIGHT

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

MR. Burke was born in Ireland. His father was an attorney in Dublin; and Mr. Burke so early displayed the promise of extraordinary genius, that his father always looked forward to those elevations in life which his son so deservedly obtained.

Mr. Burke passed some time at the College of Dublin; and, among his fellow-students, fully confirmed all the expectations which parental affection had zealously presaged. It is said, that he afterwards went to the City of Glasgow, and was a candidate for the office of Professor of Logic in that University, but was unsuccessful. To this fortunate disappointment, perhaps, is the subsequent fame of his talents to be in a great measure ascribed; for, if he had succeeded, the brilliant Orator, and profound Politician, must have been buried in the dull round of collegiate discipline and obscurity. He then visited London, for the purpose of studying the law, and took up his abode in the Temple.

At this time the Robin Hood Society, in Butcher-row, maintained a considerable reputation for political discussion and oratorical emulation. This School of Rhetoric was conducted by Mr. Jacocks, a baker, but who, though a simple tradesman, possessed such knowledge, and such a clear discriminating judgment, that Lord Chesterfield, a shrewd observer of mankind, pronounced him fit for the office of Prime Minister. To this place Mr. Burke resorted, with a view to exercise himself in the habit of public speaking, to prepare for the time when he hoped to exert his abilities at the bar. It was impossible that such splendid talents should pass unnoticed, even without the recommendation of personal consequence, or distinguished patronage; and Mr. Burke's display of exalted genius, ready wit, and extensive knowledge, procured him an easy intercourse, in due time, to his warm admirer and steady friend, the late Marquis of Rockingham.

About this time, Mr. Burke was introduced to the house of Mrs. Montague, whose benevolence, genuis, and erudition, are so well known; and who, at a very advanced age, at this moment possesses a fund of good spirits, and a vigor of intellect, that animate the winter of life with an autumnal glow. In this mansion of taste, and resort of genius, Mr. Burke was always an acceptable visitor; and here he soon formed those connections that led to hopes of more rapid distinction than was likely to be obtained through the regular pursuits of legal elevation. Hence Mr. Burke threw aside all ideas of the law, as a profession, and devoted himself only to the fair objects of political ambition.

Before, however, he had wholly thrown himself into the road of politics, he published his celebrated Treatise on *The Sublime and Beautiful*; a work that evinces a profound philosophic mind, a deep insight into the human powers, a correct judgment, and a full knowledge of the graces of composition, as well as of all the sources of the grand and beautiful in nature. This work fully established his reputation, and made his friends proud of being connected with a character so adorned by genius and learning. It would be a pleasing, but is an unnecessary task, to follow him through all the various publications which have brought his name into such celebrity. His works are in the hands of every reader of taste. But we may, however, notice his *Vindication of Natural Society*, which was written in

in profeſſed imitation of the manner of Lord Bolingbroke. The characteriſtic ſtyle of that Nobleman he has, indeed, imitated with great ſpirit, and with admirable irony; but with the natural warmth of imagination, he has ſo forcibly urged ſome of his ironical arguments, that it would be a difficult matter for a mind inferior to his own to overturn them, by a ſerious refutation. All the reſt of Mr. Burke's publications were wholly of a political nature, though embelliſhed with a ſtore of incidental graces that gave them currency through the nation, and rendered them highly gratifying to thoſe who would have turned with diſguſt from a mere political diſcuſſion, however ſupported by argument, reaſon, and utility.

Mr. Burke now became the ornament and the idol of a numerous train of friends, and thoſe friends were derived from the firſt circles of rank, genius, and literature. It remained, however, for Mr. Burke to diſplay the full powers of his mind; when the volcano of Gallic Democracy firſt poured its horrors upon mankind. Mr. Burke was always the advocate for popular freedom, though the firm friend of legitimate authority, and due ſubordination of rank in Society; and though it is certain that many paſſages in his early works may be oppoſed to many opinions in his ſubſequent productions, yet, it ſhould always be remembered, that thoſe early works long preceded the French Revolution; an event that ſeemed likely to unhinge mankind, and to keep Society in perpetual confuſion, by a vain promiſe of unattainable excellence in political inſtitutions.

The firſt cloud that ſeemed to overcaſt Mr. Burke's Political Reputation, was his rejection in the City of Briſtol, of which he had been the favourite repreſentative. Mr. Burke, however, loſt no credit on this occaſion, but, on the contrary, the City of Briſtol was much leſſened in its own credit by the loſs of ſo brilliant a repreſentative. Mr. Burke publiſhed his ſpeech on this occaſion, and it is a powerful diſplay of eloquence, as well as a ſatisfactory vindication of his own character and conduct. As Mr. Burke was always diſtinguiſhed for the benevolence of his feelings, it has generally been thought ſtrange that he ſhould ſeem to attack Mr. Haſtings with ſo ſtrong an indication of what ſome have eſteemed perſonal rancour and vindicative perſecution; but as his mind was frought with deteſtation of the atrocities of the Eaſt, and as all the information he had received tended to make him believe that Mr. Haſtings had extended and ſyſtematized thoſe atrocities, it was natural to expect that Mr. Burke's diffuſive humanity would induce him to take up with zeal the cauſe of oppreſſed millions, and deal the fulneſs of his vengeance on the ſuſpected author of the oppreſſion. It may be urged, that it was the duty of Mr. Burke to obtain the fulleſt information; but without venturing to decide whether he was right or wrong in this treatment of Mr. Haſtings, we lament the effects of party combinations, which could even fetter the vaſt mind of Mr. Burke, and prompt him to think and act upon information that might have reſulted from envy, from malice, from diſappointed avarice, and from defeated ambition.

The whole tenor of his life ſhews, however, that no influence of a pecuniary kind ever had power over his public conduct, and whenever he has appeared to err, he has obviouſly been under the impulſe of an overflowing philanthrophy. His ſervices to this Country have been great and various. From

his

his suggestions, vast improvements have been made in public measures, and his plan for the introduction of a more economical system in the approbation and management of the Civil List, was a work of wonderful patience, assiduity, labour, perseverance, judgment, and comprehensive genius. Among the inferior works of his pen has been ascribed to him the Historical department of Dodsley's Annual Register; and it is certain, that if he did not actually write the part attributed to him, it was conducted upon the plan which he suggested.

As a writer he is often sublime and beautiful, though the exuberance of his genius, and the warmth of his feelings, frequently betrayed him into a violation of taste; but he is never trifling or tame.

From Mr. Burke's numerous productions may be collected the profoundest maxims of policy, the most striking declinations of the human character, the most useful rules of life, and the most exquisite beauties of imagination and luxuriant graces of language. The first domestic trial which Mr. Burke endured was the death of his brother, which happened about five years ago; and this event was indeed a heavy stroke upon his feelings, as his brother was a very pleasant companion and amiable man, who had

"Grown with his growth, and strengthen'd with his strength."

This melancholy circumstance was soon followed by the death of his only son—a calamity that certainly gave a blow to his constitution—that was a vital stab. In private life, he stands in the fairest, most amiable, and most honourable point of view. We know not at what time he entered into the state of wedlock; but we cannot pronounce a higher panegyric on the fair partner of his private happiness, than to observe, that she has never obtruded herself upon public life, notwithstanding the splendid reputation of her husband, but has been contented to move within the circle of domestic enjoyment.

He was a steady and zealous friend, a fond and faithful husband, a tender and affectionate parent; and, to conclude his domestic characters, his servants were

"The happy subjects of an easy reign."

Such was Edmund Burke—a character that will be held in veneration, as long as patriotism, philanthrophy, genius, literature, and moral excellence, shall be considered as claims to the esteem and admiration of mankind.

The following remarkable occurrence, which is said to have happened during the thunder storm on Wednesday, July 19, we have taken from a Country paper. Certainly it is not quite so wonderful a phænomenon, as that of a man being carried alive several millions of miles in a cloud of fire; but still the passing of a thunderbolt, as it is vulgarly called, through so immense a body of dry hay, is not quite unworthy of the minute attention of philosophic minds. For our own part, we wonder the writer of the narrative has failed to add, that not two hair's breadth from the place at which the bolt entered, there had been placed by two boys, who were just before at play, a cartridge full of powder.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF A RICK OF HAY!

A Very extraordinary accident took place on Wednesday, at Mr. Rowley's, an eminent farmer of

 Prior's

Prior's Lee. During a violent thunder-ſtorm, a ball of fire fell upon a large ſtack of two year-old hay, and paſſed quite through it, making a large perforation into the ground. The hay took fire, but being very ſolid, the flames did not ſpread with that rapidity which might have been expected from an article of ſo combuſtible a nature; and a man who was then paſſing through the ſtack-yard, and ſaw the thunderbolt ſtrike the ſtack, inſtantly giving the alarm, the fire was preſently extinguiſhed. The damage done was ſo trifling, that it was not computed to amount to five ſhillings. Mr. Rowley very prudently had the ſtack as ſoon as poſſible cut through and laid open. By the ſame thunder-ſtorm, however, he had the misfortune to loſe one of his beſt horſes, found dead in the field.

The whole horizon was at the ſame time ſo overcharged with the electric fluid, that a gentleman near Colebrook-dale, who very attentively obſerved the progreſs of the ſtorm, beheld a great number of very large and vivid ſparks almoſt inceſſantly emitted by the colliſion of the clouds.

DOCTORS' COMMONS.

WILSON *v.* WILSON,

ON Tueſday, July 18, came on a cauſe brought by Richard Wilſon, Eſq. member for Barnſtaple, in Devon, againſt the Hon. Anne Wilſon, his wife, for adultery with James Thompſon.

It was proved by the evidence of ſeveral of Mr. Wilſon's ſervants, that while their maſter was at Margate in the year 1795, for his health, Mr. Thompſon, who rented a cottage on Mr. Wilſon's eſtate, in Hertfordſhire, adjoining to Datchworth Lodge, where Mrs. Wilſon reſided, having at unſeaſonable times viſited Mrs. Wilſon, it created ſuſpicions, and that curioſity led them to bore holes through the ſhutters of the room in which Mrs. Wilſon uſually received him, and through which the parties were ſeveral times ſeen in ſuch ſituations as left no room to doubt of their criminality. That one night, while the parties were together, the ladder falling on which the groom was mounted, feaſting his eye, it cauſed ſuch an alarm as occaſioned the lady to elope the following day with her paramour. Very full proof was given of the inconſtancy of the Lady at other times and places,—and Sir William Scott pronounced a divorce *a menſa et thoro.*

This *Honourable* Lady is daughter of the late Right Hon. Charles Townſhend, by Lady Dalkeith, mother of the preſent Duke of Buccleugh.

SINGULAR TRIAL.

A Singular trial occurred at Bradford General Quarter Seſſions laſt week. James Mackmanus was indicted for entering a houſe at midnight with *intent to ſeduce the wife of the owner.* The caſe was made out to the ſatisfaction of the Court, and the gallant was ſentenced to be confined for the term of one year in York gaol, and until he paid a fine of one hundred pounds, to enter into a bond of two hundred pounds to keep the peace, and to find ſecurities in the ſum of one hundred pounds each.

THE

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE STROKE OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

"I Am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds!" said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill, which commanded a full prospect of his estate; "and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard; and on that spot I'll have a pinery."

"Yon farm-houses shall come down," said old Gregory, "they interrupt my view."

"Then what will become of the farmers?" asked the steward, who attended him.

"That's their business," answered old Gregory.

"And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.

"Then how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my business," answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoaked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice in his death.

Some gentlemen dining together the other day, one of them asked "why Mr. Pitt was like a *flesh fly?*" Another smartly replied, "Because he is supported by *corruption!*"

"FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN!"

A Mrs. Mills, a newly-made widow, aged 55, who attended the obsequies of a *dear husband* to the old church-yard, Edinburgh, about a *month* ago, was seen the morning of the 8th instant, with the tear of tenderness in her *eye*, (for she had but *one*) over the grave of her "*lov'd man:*"—When a friend passing by, and seeing her in that contemplative mood, said, "I'm sorry for you, poor woman, you've had a heavy loss!"—"Yea, that I have, God thou knows it!" exclaimed the afflicted widow—her heart seeming ready to burst with anguish.—At that moment the Clerk of the Church came up, and accosted her in a half whisper with, "the parties are now waiting."—"What parties, Mrs. M.!" said her friend.—"Don't ask me," cries the melancholy matron—(*grief* almost choaking her utterance)—"*I'm going to be—be—be—married again this morning to Mr. Carter.*"

Dr. Warren expired, saying, "there was no use in physic;" as Brutus did exclaiming—"Virtue was no more than a name." But though there may be no use in taking physic, there is a great deal in giving it. The Doctor has left, it is said, *one hundred and fifty thousand* proofs of its utility.

The Loggerheads is the sign of a public-house near to the Holyhead road,

road, in Wales. The ſign has *two* human heads painted on one ſide, with the words, "We *three* Loggerheads be." If a ſtranger, who notices the ſign, happens to obſerve that only *two* are on it, they tell him the *third* is on his own ſhoulders. In conſequence of this quibbling ſign being ſo common, the dollars which now circulate through that part of the country go by the name of Loggerheads.

TAX ON LUXURIES.

An order was made in the Houſe of Lords, in May 1776, "That the Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's Exciſe do write circular letters to all ſuch perſons whom they have reaſon to ſuſpect to have *plate*, as alſo to thoſe who have not paid regularly the duty on the ſame." In conſequence of this order, the Accomptant General for houſehold plate ſent to the celebrated John Weſley a copy of the order; John's laconic anſwer was in theſe words:

"Sir, I have *two* ſilver teaſpoons in London, and *two* at Briſtol. This is all the plate which I have at preſent: and I ſhall not buy any more while ſo many round me want bread.

JOHN WESLEY."

A ſailor coming acroſs Blackheath a few days ago, was ſtopped by a footpad who demanded his money, when a ſcuffle enſued, the tar took the robber, and, meeting with ſome people, was adviſed to bear away with his prize to the Juſtice at Woolwich, which he did; and when the Magiſtrate came to examine into the aſſault, he ſaid, "he muſt take his oath that the robber put him in bodily fear, otherwiſe he could not commit the man." The ſailor, looking ſtedfaſtly at the Juſtice, anſwered, "He, damn him; he put me in bodily fear! no, nor any that ever lived; therefore, if that is the caſe, you may let him go, for damn me if I ſwear to any ſuch a lie."

A perſon in company ſaid to another, "You are a damn'd ſcoundrel." The other replied, "Gentlemen, you muſt not mind what the man ſays, he is only talking to *himſelf*."

Macklin and Dr. Johnſon diſputing on a literary ſubject, Johnſon quoted Greek. "I do not underſtand Greek," ſaid Macklin. "A man who argues ſhould underſtand every language," replied Johnſon. "Very well," anſwered Macklin, and gave him a quotation in *Iriſh*.

Mr. Macklin a few years ago went to one of the fire offices to inſure ſome property, when he was aſked by the clerk, "how he would pleaſe to have his name entered?" "Entered," replied the veteran, "why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may ſet me down Charles Macklin, Eſq. as they are now ſynonimous terms."

During the laſt term, a ſolicitor of no gentleman-like appearance, was paſſing through Lincoln's Inn, with his profeſſional bag under his arm, he was accoſted by a Jew, with "Clowes to ſell, Sir, Clowes." The lawyer, ſomewhat nettled at the addreſs, from a ſuppoſition that Moſes

Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, you scoundrel, they are all *new suits.*"

Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people, "Take care, young man," said he, "that you do not hit your father."

A booby of a country 'squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chambermaid, bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, sobbed out, "that he was sorry she felt so much pain *on his account.*" "Do not make thyself uneasy, love," said she, "I cannot bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault.*"

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, "that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment." "Your Lordship," replied the gentleman, "is welcome to break the tenth commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the seventh."

Harry Stephens relates an anecdote of a little crooked dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to climb upon a table if he wanted to kiss her. "This woman," says our author, "would look down, as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask, who it was that kept grumbling there below."

An officer happening lately to express some doubts of the professional talents of the Surgeon of his regiment, was called upon by the latter for *honourable* satisfaction. "I shall attend you with pleasure," replied the officer, gaily, "being in little dread of your *sword*, whatever I may be of your *lancet!*"

WAYS *and* MEANS, *or a new* MODE *of saving a* HALFPENNY.

A couple of *sweeps*, a few days ago, having occasion to pass the New Bridge, in Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny, for the toll, they knew not—till one of them proposed to *toss up* which should *carry* the other over—this was done—one was instantly crammed into the bag—and lugged over on the shoulders of the other, as a burthen of *soot*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FEMALE GALLANTRY.

ON Thursday the 29th of June, being the day appointed for the inspection of the Lincoln Volunteer Cavalry, the lady of Mr. Ellison, M. P. presented them with their colours, with the following *harangue*, which we copy from a Country Paper:

"The Ladies of Great Britain cannot be unconcerned spectators of the imminent danger with which their country has been threatened, and they regard with extreme anxiety the awful moment when their husbands and their dearest friends are

are thus called upon to stand forward in defence of their King and Country. Unable from their sex to contribute any active defence, all that is left for them is to express their admiration, their applause, and their gratitude, to their gallant countrymen, who thus dedicate themselves to the Public Defence, and whose energy increases with the increasing danger. Every part of this kingdom bears testimony to the loyalty and the spirit of its generous inhabitants, and the City of Lincoln and its vicinity make an honourable appearance in the common cause, testified by the corps which I have now the honour to address. Much as I regret the necessity of this measure, and with whatever solicitude I may consider the risk which those most dear to me may be exposed to, yet our King, our Country, and our very existence, call for exertion; and I esteem it the highest honour that can be done to myself, that you have chosen him (who of all men is the most dear to me) to be your Commander in the path of honour, where I trust he will always be found; for this I beg the corps to accept my grateful acknowledgments.

"To you, Sir, I commit this sacred Standard; the one represents the arms of our Most Gracious Sovereign and of our Country, the other the Arms of this loyal City. Your motto is, "for your altars and your families;" and your object is the preservation of every thing that is dear to man. I have full confidence that you, Sir, and your brother Officers, will be found where honour calls you, and where danger presses, and at that moment I am well assured that not one of this gallant corps will be far distant from you. In this noble cause may success attend you! To the divine disposer of events, it is my fervent prayer, that the blessings of Peace may soon be restored to our dear Country; but if it be his will that War must be continued, may he preserve you and your brave companions amidst its dangers; may he give success to your endeavours, and may he restore you victorious and safe to the bosoms of your families, and to the enjoyment of domestic comfort! It will then be our duty, and it will be to us the most acceptable employment, to render, by the most sedulous attention, those homes happy to you, which your exertions have made safe and secure to us."

The Earl of Darlington, and a number of officers belonging to the camp at Ayr, have established races every Friday, to be run over the race ground there, and to be rode by gentlemen only; they have been attended by a great concourse of people, and afforded excellent sport. On Friday the 12th of July instant, the following bets were run for:—

Major Lynn's b. g. Paradise, 12st. 3lb. rode by Capt. Wright; and Mr. Wycliffe's c. g. 12st. 10lb. rode by Lord Darlington, one mile and an half, 20gs. p p.—won by Lord Darlington.

Gen. Drummond's bl. g. Othello, 11st. rode by Lord Darlington: and Mr. Hall's g. g. Kinlock, 9st. 12lb. rode by Mr. Hall, one mile and an half, 10gs. p. p.—won by Mr. Hall.

Major Lynn's g. g. Soldier, 12st. 9lb. rode by Lord Darlington; and Capt. Wright's b. g. Crop, 12st. rode by Capt. Wright, one mile and an half, the best of — heats, twenty guineas, p. p.—won by Capt. Wright.

A young man, at Roxburgh, having lately found a nest of larks, carried them home with him. The next

next day he obſerved the old ones hovering over the houſe, which induced him frequently to ſhow them the cage, with the young larks in it, when the cock often came within a few inches of his hand, ſinging at the ſame time. One day hearing an uncommon noiſe among the young ones, and running to ſee the cauſe, he found the cock with a bee in his bill, attempting to break the glaſs; he immediately ſet the cage on the outſide of the window, with the door open, and a line faſtened to it, by which means he ſoon made the old bird a priſoner, who ſtill continues, to the admiration of every one, his parental care, not only of his own young, but over three of another neſt, which he alſo carefully feeds.

On Tueſday July 11, as the Gentlemen Volunteers of Newcaſtle were exerciſing at ſhooting at a target, fixed againſt a rock, near the Weſtgate, a ball ſtruck againſt the ſtone, and flew off obliquely with ſuch force, that it wounded John Bennet, one of the corporals, who was ſtanding with a flag about twenty yards diſtant, in the hand, ſo ſeverely, that the loſs of one of his fingers is conſidered inevitable, the bone being all fractured to pieces.

BEES SWARMING.

As Mr. Wright, of St. Faith's, Norwich, was walking in his garden a few days ſince, a flight of bees alighted on his head, and entirely covered his hair, till they made an appearance like a Judge's wig.—Mr. W. ſtood upwards of two hours in this ſituation, while the cuſtomary means were uſed for hiving them, which was completely done without his receiving any injury.

On Friday, July 14, a ſwarm of bees alighted on the pole of a chaiſe whilſt it was paſſing through Keynſham, on its way to Briſtol, and in that ſituation were conveyed to that city; the carriage put up at Mr. Weeks's ſtables in Dolphin-ſtreet, where, in a ſhort time, they were ſecurely hived.

About ſix weeks ſince, the waiter at the Falcon, Graveſend, was bit by a dog, on the lower part of the wriſt, and not conceiving it to be of any conſequence, took no notice; within the laſt fortnight, however, he was ſeized with the hydrophobia, and died raving mad.

Sunday night the 16th of July, as three young Gentlemen, (Mr. Taylors) relations of Lord Grenville, two of them clerks in the Office for Foreign Affairs, the other Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of York, were coming to town from Richmond, in a ſmall wherry with a ſail, the boat overſet near Kew, by ſtriking againſt a barge, and all three tumbled overboard. Mr. W. Taylor was drowned, but the others with difficulty were ſaved. The night was extremely dark and tempeſtuous.

The Hiſtory of Newcaſtle, lately publiſhed, mentions an extraordinary fact, which is corroborated by No. 908 and 78 of the Harleian MS. viz. a weaver in Scotland had by one wife, a Scots woman, 62 children! but only four daughters of theſe lived to be women, and 46 ſons attained the age of maturity, ſome of whom were living at Newcaſtle in 1630, when J. Delaval, Eſq. rode thirty miles to be ſatisfied of the truth of the report.

None of the numerous families were then with the parents, as Sir J. Bowes and three other gentlemen had taken ten sons each, and the rest were otherwise disposed of.

USEFUL HINT.

A quarter of a pound of salt, strewed among three hundred weight of hay, when making the mow, will correct the damp, prevent its turning mouldy, and give it a relish highly pleasing to cattle.

The Cricket-match, Norfolk against All England, for Five Hundred Guineas, which has of late much excited the public attention, commenced on Monday July 17, on Swaffham race ground, and on Wednesday following was decided in favour of All England (in one innings) as follows:—Norfolk first innings 50, second ditto 81—together 131. All England, first innings 144.

The Silver Cup, given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was on Thursday, July 13, sailed for by the Mercury, Active, St. George, and two other boats. The contest rested principally between the two former; but the wind falling off before they reached the destined spot, they were unable to proceed; in consequence of which the decision was posponed to a future day.

A few days since, a young man fishing in the river Avon near Twerton Ferry, observed a great toad making off very fast from the river side, and in pursuit of it a large water rat, which seized on the toad, and while eager to devour it on the bank, the rat suffered the young man to put his foot on it and kill it.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY WHEN JURIES DISAGREE?

A cause respecting the Life Insurance of the late Lord Glencairn, was lately tried in the King's Bench, before a Special Jury—"Whether his Lordship was in good health when the policy was underwritten?"—when a verdict, after a long trial, was given, that his Lordship was *not in good health.* The same cause was tried a few days ago, in the Common Pleas, before another Special Jury, who gave a verdict, that his Lordship *was in very good health!*—This is what the late Judge Bearcroft facetiously termed—"*game* and *game*, and now the *third* game for the *rubber*."

GUILDHALL.

SATURDAY, JULY 22.

WILLIAMS *versus* HANDASIDE.

This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Jury in behalf of the Plaintiff in an energetic and impressive manner, and represented Miss Williams as a young lady entitled to their justice and to their compassion. She was entitled to their justice, sitting there under the solemn obligations by which they were bound to administer justice to every person,

who

who ſhould require it of them, for the injuries they might have ſuſtained. She was entitled to their compaſſion as men, who could not but feel for a young lady under the diſtreſſing circumſtances in which this lady was unfortunately placed. It would be doing them a great injuſtice to imagine, that, after his long acquaintance with them, and his frequent knowledge of their feeling and humanity, that the dictates of their own hearts, and the ſenſations within their own breaſts, would not operate more forcibly in redreſſing his client's wrongs than his feeble repreſentation of her unfortunate ſituation could poſſibly do. He would not dwell longer on the ſubject than briefly, without comment, to relate the caſe. Miſs Williams carried on an honourable and reſpectable buſineſs, the profits of which were very conſiderable: the defendant, a man of conſiderable property, entertaining a high reſpect for her virtues, entered into a ſolemn engagement to marry her, and with his approbation ſhe reſigned her buſineſs: the ſettlements were made, and every thing prepared, when, for ſome reaſon with which he was totally unacquainted, the defendant refuſed to perform that engagement ſo ſolemnly promiſed. This was no inconſiderate haſty contract, as was frequently the caſe with young men, who, contrary to the wiſh of their friends and parents, contrary to prudence, and to reaſon, formed engagements "more honoured in the breach than the obſervance:" the parties were of proper and nearly equal age; the gentleman about fifty, the lady thirty-five; neither of them was urged by an attachment raſhly or haſtily formed, but, after a long acquaintance and mature deliberation, feeling a mutual and regular affection for each other. All further obſervation would be uſeleſs; no doubt could ariſe in his mind but the lady would obtain from their commiſſeration and juſtice the ſatisfaction ſhe ſo highly deſerved.

After proceeding ſome length in the evidence, it was agreed between the Counſel for both parties to withdraw a Juror.

A duel took place the beginning of laſt month at Gibraltar, between a Captain of the Royal Artillery and another of the Royal Engineers, wherein the latter was ſhot through the body, and was not expected to recover.

On Thurſday, the 20th of July, the fiſhermen at Loreſtown, in the pariſh of Nigg, Aberdeenſhire, found a ſick whale at ſea, and towed it aſhore. It is about fifty feet in length, and, though not of the ſpecies from which the whalebone is taken, will be conſiderably productive of oil.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The following is given in an Italian publication as a genuine ſketch of the life of one of the firſt vocal performers now at the Court of Turin:—A Swine herd of G——n in Switzerland being wearied one day with the heat of the ſun, and falling aſleep after dividing his morſel with his faithful dog, was awakened by an uncommon noiſe among the ſwine; ſtarting up and miſſing his dog, he ran among the herd, and found him in the midſt of the ſwine licking the face of a female infant, which had been dropped in a hand baſket by ſome

unfeeling parent. Penetrated with its dangerous ſituation, the ſhepherd immediately bore it to his cottage, and notwithſtanding a hurt in the leg rendered the child lame, as long as ſhe remained with him and his wife, ſhe was treated as one of their own, till the ſchool-maſter of the village, noticing the excellency of her voice, recommended her to a perſon of quality, who took her to Turin, where, making her fortune, ſhe had the gratitude to rewa d the ſchool-maſter, and purchaſe a farm for her foſter-father, beſides portioning out his ſons and daughters; the former ſhe followed to the grave within a few months ſince.

"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."

A Mr. W——, as remarkable for his *riches* as his *avarice*, having been given over by the Phyſician, deſired the perſon who attended him to give him a particular ſhirt out of a drawer; and upon being aſked his reaſon, he replied, that as whoever performed the laſt offices to him would be entitled to it, he thought the one he then had on was *rather too good* to be given away!

PROGENY.

A remarkable one of Mr. Richard Wadſworth and Jude his wife, of Duxon-hill within the townſhip of Brindle, but who were both born near Halifax, in Yorkſhire:—Richard met with Jude his wife at Heptonſtall fair, near Halifax; they were then about the age of 18 years each, and from mutual affection ſoon after married, living together accordingly, in conjugal love, till little more than about two years ſince, when Jude died, but hearty Richard continues ſtout and healthy, although arrived at the venerable age of 95 years, and rides every Sunday to church, a diſtance of two miles. He was brought up to the trade of a cordwainer, but afterwards took up the buſineſs of a dealer in horſes, by which he has made an ample fortune. Richard's progeny is as follows, viz. 10 of his own children, 43 grand children, and 57 great grand-children; beſides ſeveral more coming forward to birth.

MR. THELLUSON'S WILL.

Mr. Thelluſſon is calculated to have died worth 400,000l. ſterling; and the following is a pretty accurate account of the diſpoſal of his property:

To Mrs. Thelluſſon, his wife, an annuity of 2000l. a year for her life, and the houſe and furniture of her reſidence.

To each of his three ſons only 7,500l.

To each of his daughters 12,000l.

And ſome other inconſiderable legacies.

His Yorkſhire eſtate is to be ſold, and the purchaſer is obliged to take the name of Thelluſſon; the produce and reſidue of his fortune is to devolve to the firſt of his grandſons, of the name of Thelluſſon, when he attains the age of 23; and in default of ſuch iſſue arriving to that age, his fortune is bequeathed to the Nation, to aſſiſt in paying off the National Debt. The will is one of the moſt extraordinary ever made.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

THE HEIR AT LAW.

Written by the Hon. Francis North, *and ſpoken by* Mr. C. Kemble.

HARD is the taſk——as you've been told before—
And will, while Prologues laſt, for evermore.
To furniſh matter in this critic age,
Worthy the liberal Patrons of the Stage.
With liſtleſs apathy the audience hears
What none regard, an Author's anxious fears.
Where'er the Bard may be, the Prologue's certain
Always to make him quake, behind the curtain.
His Play he owns is faulty—bad. 'Tis true,
He owns 'tis bad—and *kindly* gives it you.
Our Author ſcorns to woo with arts like theſe,
And boldly tells you, he aſpires to pleaſe.
As once Patroclus, in the Trojan field
Wielded the lance beneath Achille's ſhield,
So has our Bard *of late* maintain'd the fight;
For Shakeſpeare ſhelter'd what he ſtrove to write.
His faults, this night, to Critics be it known,
And merits (if he has them) *are his own.*
Raſh Man, beware!—Caution may exclaim,
Why riſk your little ſooterkin of Fame?
Why quench the ſpark you caught from Shakeſpeare's flame?
Tho' leaving Shakeſpeare now, he truſts you'll find
He has not left poor Common Senſe behind.
To make you laugh each honeſt art he'll try;
He loves, my friends, no more than you to cry.—
Yet like an April day his piece appears,
Or, more like real life—ſome mirth, ſome tears—
Plain Nature's ſimple path he keeps in view,
Convinc'd what Nature dictates muſt be true.

EPILOGUE,

TO THE SAME.

Spoken by the Dramatis Perſonæ.

Dick.

CUSTOM exacts—and who denies her ſway?—
An Epilogue to every Five Act Play.

Pangloſs.

You ſpeak it, then:—and do not mouth it:—Come!
But be not too tame neither—Shakeſpeare—hum!

Daniel Dowlas.

Od rabbit it; beſt let thoſe *logs* alone.

Pangloſs. *Dan. Dowlas.* *Mrs. Dowlas.*

Epi—— Well, *Epilogs*—They're all the *ton.*

Zekiel.

What be this Epilogue you be talking on?

Pangloſs.

Epi and *Logos—vide Lexicon.*

Kenrick.

Kenrick.

I'll tell you, Honey—Epilogues they ſay,
Are what are always ſpoke before the Play;
By ſome good-looking Gentleman, well dreſt.

Cicely.

Oh, then I'm ſure my Dick will ſpeak it beſt.

Henry.

To win the Town, the Epilogue intends,
And, the Play over, pleaſe our beſt of friends.

Zekiel.

Pleaſe our beſt friends? Aye, that be right: I ſpy
A power, here, we feign would pleaſe.—Who'll try.

Henry, Caroline, Old Dowlas, Mrs. Dowlas, Zekiel, Kenrick, Dick, Cicely, Pangloſs.

I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, and I,

Kenrick.

Och! faith, we're of one mind, had we been twenty.

Pangloſs.

'Tis carried——*Nemine diſſentiente.*

Dick Dowlas.

Thus to begin, then———
If here ſome thoughtleſs youngſter ſhould be found,
In Faſhion's giddy vortex whirling round,
May he, to-night, from Dick's example, ſee
That Honour's real prop is Honeſty:
May Reformation's pledge his cheek o'er-caſt—
The ſelf-accuſing bluſh for errors paſt.

Cicely.

If there's a Laſs in love here—Yes, I've ſpied her—
Sitting quite ſnug with that young man beſide her— [*To the Gallery.*
Let her, like Cicely, to this maxim cling—
She ſlights all Gold—except a Wedding Ring.

Daniel Dowlas.

Pray is there ne'er a Chandler here?—becauſe
Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applauſe.

Mr. Dowlas. Daniel Dowlas. Mrs. Dowlas.

Huſh! hold your tongue.——Why, zounds!——'Twill never ſtop.

Daniel Dowlas.

I'm only begging cuſtom for the ſhop.

Henry.

While filial duty animates our youth,
While Virtuous Paſſion warms the breaſt of Truth,
With qualities like theſe, to Britons dear,
Henry may ſurely hope for favour here.

Caroline.

And may not Caroline applauſe ſecure?
Who, to all theſe, adds feeling for the Poor.

Kenrick.

Och, brother! you've ſo many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear.
Burn him who leaves—I can't ſay more nor leſs—
A Patron, Friend, or Female in diſtreſs.

Zekiel.

Fleſh! gi's your fiſt,—that's hearty, now, and fair—
You be of Zekiel's kidney to a hair.

Pangloſs.

Hem—On my virtues I ſhall lay no ſtreſs—
I'm L. L. D. and an A double S.
If any body wants a Tutor here,
My terms are juſt Three Hundred Pounds a Year.
On their own merits modeſt men are dumb:
Plaudite et Valete—Terence—hum!

SONNET TO HOPE.

Written in NEWGATE.

STAFF of the *Nimming Tribe*—on whoſe ſole aid
Full oft I've plac'd reliance undiſmayed;
By thee encouraged, div'd beneath a coach
And bore my prize away!—or when Poll blab'd
Hearing the feet of Townſend quick approach
I leap'd the caſement!—Now, alas, I'm nab'd,
O do not yet deſert me—when I'm tried,
Sit by the cunning Lawyer's learned ſide,
And ply him well with quibbles!—If I'm caſt,
While on the *black machine* I fearful ſtand,
The clean white nightcap in my trembling *hand*,
Do thou ſweet Hope ſtick by me to the laſt!
O do not *then* thy Votary deceive,
But hover o'er me with—a kind *Reprieve!*

J———

EPIGRAM.

IN England, lo! what changes paſs!
Who was *John Bull*, is now *Jack Aſs.*

THE

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

TRAVELLER, thou know'ſt where Winwick's temple ſtands,
And proudly lifts its ſpiry top in air;
The lofty ſite a proſpect wide commands,
And its gilt honours glitter from afar.

Pleas'd with the ſweet ſecluſion of the place,
In days of yore, if legends rightly tell,
Thoſe rural haunts a monarch lov'd to trace,
And there, apart from grandeur, deign'd to dwell.

Faſt by its walls, beneath a yew-tree's ſhade,
Where a low ſtone its humble head uprears,
He lies, whoſe *nod* my timid youth obey'd,
Who for the muſes form'd my early years.

To guide the trembling hand, the liſping tongue
Skill'd to correct, and not unknown to fame,
Ah! what avails that erſt the infant throng,
To manhood grown, ſtill tremble at his name!

Firm fix'd upon a rock's projecting brow,
The village ſchool defied the ſhock of time;
Its reverend image oft does fancy draw,
And viſits oft the ſcenes of early prime.

There while the tardy hours their circles ran,
Impatient childhood ſate, compell'd to pore
On ling'ring taſks that with the dawn began,
And conn'd th' ungrateful leſſon o'er and o'er.

Hard fate, when ſcarcely from the ſully'd page
The curious eye a moment dar'd to ſtray;
Nor from the oaken bench, embrown'd with age,
The nimble foot might prove its light eſſay.

When on the ſilence ſcarce a whiſper broke,
A kindred thought of pleaſure to excite;
Nor, unreſtrain'd by terror, fancy ſpoke,
The fond idea of appall'd delights!

Save that the unpleaſing hour of ſad conſtraint,
With ſameneſs echo'd through the manſion drear;
And ever and anon the piteous plaint
Of ſmarting dullneſs ſmote the liſt'ning ear.

For ah! a wight he was whoſe very frown,
With timid awe each wayward thought repreſt:
And when he ſpoke, the authoritative tone
Awoke to terror each diſcordant breaſt.

Exalted high upon imperial chair,
He rul'd the aſſembly with deſpotic ſway;
His ſcanty praiſe 'twas glory's ſelf—to ſhare,
His wrathful brow diffus'd around diſmay.

'Twas hence, his glance each lurking corner try'd,
Suſpicion's ſelf ſate brooding in his eye;
Where might the ſelf-convicted truant hide,
How frame to meet the fraudful lie!

In vain the ſtamm'ring accent would conceal
The hurry'd taſk, by negligence prepar'd;
Nor ſuppliant looks, nor artful tears, avail,
Vindictive ſtripes from ſluggard backs to ward.

With ſtern, convulſive graſp his forceful hand
The culprit ſeiz'd, while cries his terror ſpoke;
Nor idly fell the unrelenting wand,
As ſhrinking inſtinct writh'd to ſhun the ſtroke.

What anguiſh keen from young ſenſation flows,
Full well my youthful feelings could atteſt;
But ſhort-liv'd is the grief that Nature knows,
When life's young tide invigorates the breaſt.

Hail! happy days! which ſorrow ſooneſt finds,
In ſwift forgetfulneſs a kind relief;
Where quick tranſition ſoothes the vacant mind,
And livelieſt joy ſucceeds to keeneſt grief!

Ah! could my ripen'd fancy ſtill efface
From mem'ry's brazen page each mournful ſcene;
With lighter hand the lines of pleaſure trace,
Nor dwell on tales of woe that intervene!

Full oft again ſhe'd join the ſportive throng,
Haunt the gay mead, the fragrant breeze inhale,
Explore the moſſy neſt, the brakes among,
Or in the race outſtrip the flying gale!

Again, with youthful eagerneſs, partake
The buxom joys that innocence beſtows;
With morning ſuns to dreams of pleaſure wake,
And ſink with eve to undiſturbed repoſe.

Denton Academy. W. G.

JOHN

JOHN AND JOAN.

A TALE.

By PETER PINDAR.

HAIL, wedded Love! the Bard thy Beauty hails!
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen like *sparrings:*
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*,
And dove-like Peace much sweeter after *warrings*.
I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
But folks may find it, if they choose to read,
" That Marriage is too *sweet* without *some* " *sour*—
" *Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r*.

" Wedlock, should be, like *punch*, some " sweet, some acid;
" Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.
" A Picture that is all in *light*—
" Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
" No, let some darkness be display'd;
" And learn to *balance* well with *shade*."

John married Joan—they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid show'rs of Love, now chilling *snows*;
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear,
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.
One day they had a desp'rate quarrel
About a little small beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan;
For Joan, t'*oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
And so she wisely left the leave alone.
It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

" I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *Man*—
" With all *my* spirit, John,"—replied the *Wife*:
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink'd over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky Pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze—
" God bless you, Dear!" quoth Joan at John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the hedge, his head—
" Joan, did you say it from your *heart?*"
" Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed!"
" You *did?*"—" Yes, John, upon my " word"—
" Zounds, Joan, then take away the " *Board!*"

THE POINTED EPIGRAM.

AN Eton boy, who did not want for wit,
In careless haste his exercise had writ;
How dare you, Blockhead, quoth the Master, bring
An Epigram to me that has no sting?
Pray, Sir, forgive me, says the youth, this once,
Another time you shall not call me Dunce.
A Wasp next day the dext'rous stripling caught,
And, wrapped in paper, to the Master brought;
What have you here? the purblind Doctor cries,
An Epigram, good Sir, the boy replies.
An Epigram! remember what you bring,
You know what follows if it has no sting,
He said—when quickly by the painful smart,
He found the Rogue had not forgot the Dart.

EPITAPH ON PARKER.

HERE Parker lies—of brief command,
Who would his Country's vitals tear;
But after troubling *Sea* and *Land*,
His corpse, " affrights the troubled *air!*"